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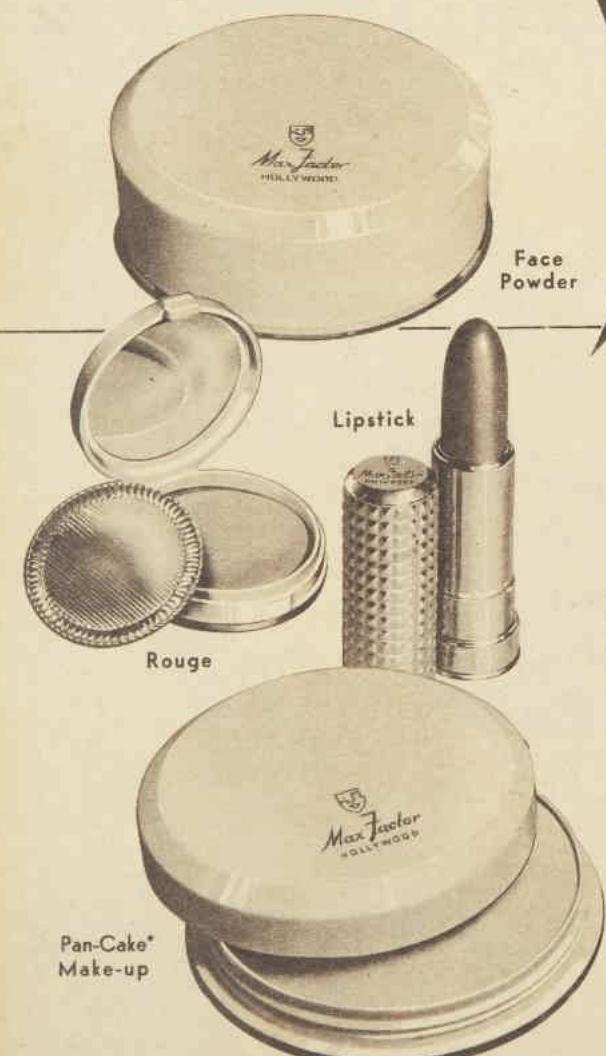


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The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

And Then HE WENT AWAY

By THELMA STRABEL

ENDING of the war has brought MARGRIT KROLLER, American-born Swiss, no peace of mind, but torturing anxiety as to the fate of the man she loves, "Mac," a crashed American airman whom she helped to evade internment. He had asked her to marry him, but now she has had no further word from him.

When BILL ANTHONY, a sergeant on leave from the American Occupation Army, tries to "pick her up" she is deeply annoyed, and, to spite him, takes him home to spend a dull evening with her mother and CONRAD KROLLER, her stepfather. Piqued himself, Bill kisses her angrily when he leaves.

Learning after his departure that their visitor was a stranger, Kroller becomes agitated, and Margrit, with the dog Peter, goes out for a walk to calm her tense irritation.

Now read on:-

CONRAD KROLLER was in the library again, working with the door closed, when Margrit returned from her walk. She removed her snowy wraps and went upstairs. The door of her mother's room was open, and her mother was standing by the windows that opened on her balcony, brushing her hair.

"Is it still snowing?" she called.

"A little." Margrit stepped into the doorway. "So much snow," her mother said, and she shivered as she said it. "And oh, this cold house!"

During the war there hadn't been enough coal to heat private houses, because Switzerland had no coal of its own. Even now the shortage was still acute. The Krollers wore heavy suits and sweaters in the house, and thick-soled felt slippers that came up high and fastened like goloses.

"It isn't so cold to-night," Margrit said.

"It's always cold, cold, cold. Creeping into your blood corpuscles and the marrow of your bones." Then her mother gave a deprecatory laugh, as though she hadn't meant the violence in her voice. She stared out of the window. "The snow is ending. See, the moon is coming out."

Beyond the chalet on this side there was a level yard, then a cliff rose steep and sheer. At its top stretched another levelled footpath on which stood the home of their one neighbor, Dr. Anton Ruegg. It was a square, modern house with large windows facing the view. It was placed at the front of the lot.

At the rear was a small, unused gardener's house that perched close to the edge of the cliff directly opposite the Kroller chalet. Its single window looked down into their windows.

Margrit crossed the room to stand beside her mother.

"There's a lot of snow piled up behind that little house," she observed.

"When the Bocklins lived up there, they had a gardener, but he wouldn't stay in the garden house in winter," her mother recalled. "He was afraid of the possibility of snow and rock slides. That's really a mountain rising up there right behind and beyond that building." "There was a slide once," Margrit slipped her arm around her mother's waist. "Remember? It just missed that cottage and came down and buried our doghouse at Christmas-time. That was the year Father had Gartner make those skis to order for me."

She remembered with what care he had selected the wood himself, and how he had taken them to ski at St. Moritz. How genial he had been then, and how interested.

"He's been a very generous stepfather to you. We must be very grateful," her mother said. Then she began talking quickly about the sergeant, taking up her brush again and brushing her dark hair with quick little strokes, and looking very young in her round-collared robe.

"That sergeant certainly doesn't say very much. There's something appealing, though, behind his stiffness. He has an intelligent, sensitive face and very finely shaped hands—did you notice?" But you sense a curious bitterness about him, as though he had been hurt very much some time, and had wrapped himself in protective layers."

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For a moment, they regarded one another uneasily, then the strange young man said, "You bet I'm an American."

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Conrad James Green

ONE WEAK LINK

By MARK SOMMERS

GRANT drove his black convertible steadily on through the streaming rain. He started to curse the foul weather, and then reflected that, after all, it had helped, reducing the risk of anyone in search of fresh air witnessing... Well, no one had, anyway.

Furthermore, accidents did happen on nights such as this, he reasoned, particularly when the victim had consumed one over the eight.

He lit a cigarette, inhaling deeply, and the glare reflected back from the chromium dashboard revealed the hard but rather handsome face of a man approaching forty. Dark hair surmounted a forehead on which glistened tiny beads of perspiration.

By now he felt pleased, even elated. Thompson was dead, as he well deserved to be.

The whole thing had been so ridiculously easy when he thought about it. He had his story to tell—a story to satisfy the most inquisitive of policemen. It had been conceived after a careful and prolonged study of Thompson's habits and movements, and to-night, with Gwen away, he had put it into operation.

All unsuspecting, Thompson had stopped his car at the crest of the long hill leading to his cliff-top home in answer to Grant's shout and flashing torch. He'd wound down the window and put his head out, as Grant had hoped he would.

"What's the matter?" he'd inquired in a tipsy voice. "What's...

"Oh, it's you, Grant. What do you mean...?" and gurgled horribly as Grant twisted his neck around the door-pillar.

With Thompson dead at the wheel, his subsequent manipulation to get the car into the required position had been rather horrible, certainly, but it had actually not been very many minutes before he had leapt

from the moving vehicle and watched as it ran on backwards down the sharp slope from the road, gathering momentum that carried it crashing through the fence, to hurtle like a huge, ungainly bird to the jagged rocks one hundred feet below.

Then Grant had hurried to his own concealed car, and for five minutes had sat in it motionless. But the urgent need to get away from the spot had taken hold of his senses, and he'd forced himself to concentrate on the next part of his plan, the drive to town, and the report of a bad accident to the police.

Better not to phone, he had decided, far better to play the part of the distressed neighbor and golfing associate and essay the ten mile run to tell the story personally.

They'd ask how he knew it was Thompson's car, of course. Well, Thompson had passed him a mile back, driving fast, as was his usual habit. Thompson had several convictions for speeding and only seven days ago had been bound over on a drunken driving charge.

Thompson wouldn't do any more drinking now, and he wouldn't make love any more to his wife, or anyone else's wife. With these thoughts coursing through his mind Grant felt better, and his self-possession rapidly returned.

He wondered what Gwen would say when she returned from the country and learned of Thompson's death. But, of course, she'd see it in the newspapers. She wouldn't suspect his complicity, she couldn't, and things would revert to the old order that had existed before Jeff Thompson came into their lives.

They had first been introduced to the debonair (in his sober moments) young man, who lived on the cliff top not far from their own home, at a dance at the golf club, where all were members. Then had followed invitations from both sides to dine and play cards. Gay par-

ties, when Thompson had never been far from Gwen's side.

Grant hadn't thought much of it at the time, and it wasn't until his return from a business trip that delayed him a week in pursuit of a valuable contract that he had begun to notice an almost imperceptible change in Gwen's attitude towards him. He had boiled inwardly as he realised that Thompson was stealing his wife's affection.

It was then that he had decided to kill him.

Well, it was done now, he mused. The elements had been in his favor, also the lonely spot, and the hard macadam surface of the road that would yield no tell-tale tire tracks to prying eyes, to show that Thompson's car had plunged through the fence backwards, instead of being driven through.

It would be smashed to pieces. The rending crash when it had hit assured him of that. Yes, just an unfortunate accident. Grant smiled in the darkness. All he had to do now was to tell a convincing story to the local police, and then go home to forget.

He stopped his car where the white light illuminating the word "Police" gleamed dully through the mist of drifting rain, and ran quickly up the steps.

Inside, the desk sergeant looked up from the evening paper, and Grant experienced his first real pangs of doubt. Then, pushing his fears aside, he said, "Good evening, Sergeant. My name is Grant, Anthony Grant, from Green Hills, on the cliff-top road. A terrible thing has happened up there. A neighbor of mine, Mr. Thompson, has gone over the cliff in his car."

He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, and with a nervous gesture mopped his brow. Then he resumed with what he hoped to be the right amount of agitation in his voice. "The poor fellow passed me on the long hill leading to the top, and I was horrified to see him fail to take the curve, and go straight on through the fence."

Please turn to page 23



WILLIAM H. STROTHMAN

"She's up," the garage man called, as the wrecked car was hauled to the cliff top.

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ALIEN HOME



THE house in Ulmenallee was not at all what Brenda had expected. It was a pretty little house, standing in a tree-lined street in a small German town that had not been bombed.

Brenda knew perfectly well that the house was really far nicer than the one she had just left at home. But she couldn't stop remembering that house in England.

At home, at least, they had had the house to themselves, but 27 Ulmenallee was only half theirs—the top floor had been given to a young corporal and his pretty red-haired wife. Brenda had seen the wife on the boat coming over, and she had not liked the look of her, nor her loud, frequent laugh. Now she was in the same house.

"Do you like it, darling?" David kept asking eagerly, showing her the neat kitchen, the tiled and mirrored bathroom, and the big clothes cupboards with lights that flicked on as you opened the doors.

"It isn't much like Selby Street," Brenda said, with the first hint of home-sickness in her voice, but David laughed and said proudly: "Gosh, no! I should say it isn't."

They were standing in the sitting-room and Brenda looked at the heavy furniture with distaste, and then through the connecting archway to the dining-room, with its large, old-fashioned sideboard.

"I'm going to take a lot of keeping clean, David," she said, doubtfully.

"But, darling, you don't have to do that." David was as exuberant as a schoolboy showing off a cageful of white mice. "Liesa will see to that."

"Liesa?"

"Yes. She's seen to the house for you, and she's found a very decent woman called Frau Zorn to do the cooking."

It was on the tip of Brenda's tongue to say: "Then what am I going to do?" but that would have spoiled David's pleasure in the new house, and cast a shadow over their reunion. Instead she said: "It will be wonderful having no washing-up to do."

She was tired. The last few days of packing-up in England had been

A young girl, spotless and smiling, stood in the doorway regarding them uncertainly.

hectic, and then there had been the journey, and all the business of flags waving and bands playing, which had over-excited some of the children in the party, and made them noisy and tiresome, including her own Christopher, who was only a year and a bit.

David had been able to come up to Cuxhaven to meet them, and then the big party of BAOR wives had split up into smaller groups, and Brenda had begun to feel more normal, and less like part of a Sunday school treat on an unusually grand scale.

At every station where the train stopped, there was a small crowd of Germans, mostly women, watching them with pale, closed faces and sulken eyes, and Brenda had clenched David's hand and hoped fervently that it wouldn't be like that when they arrived at their own station. But in this little town no one had taken any notice of them at all, no one had even looked at them, and that was far worse.

Three officers' wives, Brenda, and the wife of the corporal upstairs had stepped off the train; there were six children, too, in the party, but

for all the notice the German population took of them they might have been invisible.

Now all the official part was over, Christopher was asleep in a small, bright blue room which Brenda thought quite hideous, and she herself was trying to make her tired brain realise that this pretty, modern, heavily furnished house was home. Home until His Majesty had no further need of her David's services.

"I can't realise it," she said suddenly, and hoped she wouldn't start to cry.

"It's true, darling," David said, "we're together again at last, and you don't know how wonderful it is to have you here." He held out his arms and Brenda went to him with a little sigh.

She was tired. The last few days of packing-up in England had been

"I'm tired," she confessed, "and it's all so new and strange."

"I know," David murmured.

A small sound came from the dining-room, and a breathless voice said: "Bitte . . ."

In the archway to the dining-room a girl stood, smiling and uncertain.

"Oh, hello, Liesa," David said.

"Brenda, this is Liesa Wollny. This is my wife, Liesa."

"How do you do," Brenda said, and the girl bobbed a funny little old-fashioned curtsey and said: "Please."

After that, the conversation died, while Brenda, frankly staring, took in the facts that Liesa was young, shy, and very clean. Her dirndl skirt and peasant blouse were old, but they were spotless, and the fair hair tied loosely at her neck shone with cleanliness. She was looking at Brenda with curiosity, and presently she said, speaking English slowly and hesitatingly: "I make now some coffee, not?"

"Not coffee," Brenda said, "tea, please. I'll show you the kitchen."

Liesa and David both laughed and David said: "You needn't do that, darling. Liesa used to live here. This is her home."

"Oh!"

Brenda flushed and stammered, feeling at a disadvantage.

"I didn't know that. You should have told me, David."

"Well, I was going to," David said reasonably, "but she came in before I had a chance. Anyway, make some tea, will you, Liesa, tea and kuchen, if there are any."

"There are," Liesa said. "this morning have I made." She bobbed again.

"What has she made?"

"Cakes or pastries of some sort. They'll probably be quite good. I dare say she's a good cook, when she can get anything to cook with, and Frau Zorn can't come until tomorrow."

"Did you know her before? Liesa, I mean?"

"Knew the family," David said lightly. "I used to come here last winter sometimes. Used to give the old man a few cigarettes now and again."

"To this very house?"

"Yes. Jolly cold it was, too. Couldn't get any fuel, you see."

"But, David," Brenda said helplessly, "a German family! It seems so strange."

"I know. But this is a small town and there wasn't anywhere much to go in the winter except to the NAAFI and the ENSA show once a week. Frau Wollny used to work in our billet, and some of us got to know her a bit. She'd had a couple of sons of her own, in the Luftwaffe. They got killed. The old man was an architect."

"An architect," Brenda seized on the nearest bit of this family story. "Why, David, they must have been—must have been fairly well off?"

"I expect they were," David said cheerfully, "but you mustn't let that worry you. Frau Wollny worked for us and now Liesa's got to work for you. That's the way it goes, you see."

"David," Brenda said suddenly. "I'm not going to like it here. I know I'm not."

"Wish you hadn't come?" he asked teasingly.

"I—I don't know. I think it will be simply awful living in this house with that girl working here and knowing every corner of it, and feeling that it's more hers than mine—which I suppose it is. Or is it? Oh, dear, it's too confusing. Why did it have to be this house? I hate it! I hate it!"

With that, fatigue, excitement and overstrained nerves got the better of her, and when Liesa came in with the tea she found Brenda sobbing uncontrollably in David's arms.

"Ach!" she made a little chuckling sound of sympathy, set down the tray and went out of the room again on tiptoe.

Brenda cried until she felt exhausted and peaceful, and then she sat up and invited David to take a good look at her ravaged face and tell her honestly if it had been worth while going to all that trouble to get her out to Germany.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

THE RIGHT WORD

By MILDRED SLATER

waving gay good-byes to fathers. The repeated pattern filled him with a vague sense of lack, of something wanting.

He lived too close to the station, certainly, for May to drive him; but when he found himself wondering, had the children shown the slightest inclination to walk to the train with him, or to meet his train at night? Yet May couldn't move from the house without John or Eileen tagging after her. Queen that a little thing like that should all at once seem momentous. But it did.

The train flashed over the trestle that spanned the river, and he suddenly thought of Eileen's eyes, swimming with tears. His shoulders moved uneasily, and his hand passed slowly across his chin.

"I'm eight," Eileen had been saying, picking up at breakfast the argument that she and John had left off at bedtime the night before. "I'm eight and I've done Nature Study and you haven't and I should know. There is a bird called a nuthatch."

"Well, if you're eight, I'm six," John blurted, "and a nuthatch is a thing you open nuts with, like a woodhatch is a thing you cut down trees with, and I don't care what you say."

"A bird," Like the unrelenting snip of scissors from Eileen.

"A nutcracker thing," Like a chant from John.

"Bird."

"Nutcracker."

"Bird."

Exasperated, Larry turned the pages of the morning paper to the market reports, but May spoke to the children with the long-suffering patience that he sometimes thought mothers must bring into the world along with their offspring.

"When you've finished your breakfast, get out the encyclopaedia

and look it up," she told them. "But now drink your milk and stop bickering."

The glasses rose obediently, and Larry sighed with relief. But almost immediately Eileen said, "And what's more, Johnny Wall, they can walk upside down. Nuthatches, I mean."

There was utter and complete silence for a moment, then John's lower lip shot forward.

"Mum," he howled, "she's doing it again. Make her stop."

Larry flung his paper to the floor. He glared indignantly at May. She was calmly spooning boiled eggs into two yellow cups, salting the eggs, breaking in bits of buttered toast. How, he thought distractedly, she could sit there without even hearing was beyond him. And why she permitted this constant morning squabbling?

"Stop that bellowing!" he exploded. "Where do you think you are?"

John's mouth, opening to howl again, closed soundlessly.

Looking grimly from one child to the other, he said in Day-of-Judgment tones: "Both of you. Listen to me. There is a bird called a nuthatch, though we never see them here. A bird, John, do you understand? They use their bills like hatchets. And that is how they got the name: nuthatch."

HE turned to apple-cheeked, blue-eyed John. "There is no such thing as a woodhatch. The word is 'hatchet,'" He turned from John to pink-cheeked, flaxen-haired Eileen, and further thought of chastisement failed him as he saw her lashes blink at him and her eyes fill up like two blue ponds of tears.

"You d-didn't need to say so much," she stammered. "Just 'a b-bird' was all you h-had to say."

He understood exactly what she meant and he wanted to cut his tongue out. May was gazing at him with a strange expression, and the way she bent her head when he stared back hurt him more than anything she might have said. He could almost feel her pity for the children in the soft warm flush of her face and throat, feel it in the way she drew her upper lip down, as though she, too, were close tears.

But it was John who broke the tension in the air. Spinning his egg-cup on his plate, he screwed up his face and yelled with all his might, "Here, Pipsqueak. H-e-r-e, Pip!"

Pipsqueak, the wire-haired terrier, came bounding into the dining-room with joyous yelps.

"Look, Eileen," John pleaded. "Look. I'm going to give my egg to Pip. Look, why don't you?"

May rescued the egg-cup with one hand as Eileen flung herself against him.

"He didn't have to say it so hard," Eileen cried hysterically. "And I—I'm so unhappy: I—. Burying her head in her mother's lap she sobbed, "I hate my father."

"Hush," May whispered. "You mustn't even think such a horrible thing. Come, let's go and wash your face in nice cold water, shall we?"

John sat for a moment staring at his plate. Then almost fearfully, he slid from his chair, collared the dog, and followed his mother and sister from the room.

Larry bent and picked up the paper from the floor. He smoothed and folded it carefully. He would have to read it on the train. Children, he told himself, kicked up storms like this. It didn't mean anything. They said all sorts of crazy things. And John leaving him that way, without a word. That was natural, too. Probably frightened

by all the hubbub. By to-night they'd both be over it, and the whole thing would be forgotten.

But Eileen was right, of course: amazingly right for a child her age.

And all the way to the train, after calling good-bye down the hall, he thought of all the ways he might have said whatever he had to say.

Look here, Eileen, he might have said, go and get the encyclopaedia, and we'll see if we can find all about nuthatches for John. He might have laughed and said: I don't know why they don't call 'em woodhatches, son—perfectly good word, to my way of thinking—but they don't. They call 'em nuthatches.

If he had handled it that way, as he should have, as any understanding parent would have, they'd be happy now and so would he. But he had so much on his mind these days, and that singsong nuthatch and woodhatch business.

Woodhatch, he thought again, and his eyebrows drew together in a puzzled frown as a memory stirred in him. It had something to do with wood, and oddly enough with his father. Then all at once he remembered, and wished he hadn't, as a vivid picture from his childhood came to him with an unexpected and almost alarming sharpness:

He was sitting on the ground, his back against a tree near the wood heap, a book propped up on his knees. He should have been chopping wood for his mother for the stove, but the wood was untouched as he lost himself in an exciting dream that had arisen out of the story he was reading—a thrilling tale of two boys who found in a creek bed near their own home a



"You d-didn't need to say so much," Eileen said.

strange-looking stone which turned out to contain gold."

Eagerly his eyes went out over the paddocks, down towards their own creek. Why, he thought, what the boys had done, he himself might be able to do. For all they knew, there might be a fortune down there in the creek, if he searched for it carefully enough.

His heart began to pound as the dream expanded inside him. The mortgage on the property was magically wiped out, his father's working clothes were discarded for a fine suit. His mother sat in the drawing-room in a beautiful new dress. And a hired man and a hired girl did every speck of work while his father and mother did exactly as they pleased.

Please turn to page 30



Koala—the most enchanting little animal in the world, eats only the foliage of a few species of Eucalyptus. The children's live "teddy bear" carries her baby "pick-a-back" and lives in the big gum tree. Koala has dense, woolly fur and is mainly nocturnal; in the day time, wedged in a fork of his favourite tree, he sleeps or dozes. Faced with extinction, he must be saved, for the lovable Koala is a symbol of Australia greeted everywhere.

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Princess chooses all-white scheme for wedding

Magnificent diamonds only note of luxury in bridal ensemble

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Princess Elizabeth has decided on an all-white color scheme for her wedding with Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

She will wear magnificent jewellery with the satin bridal gown which Hartnell is designing on full-skirted lines.

It will be embroidered with 1,000 pearls and diamonds. A handsome coronet of diamonds will hold the bride's veil in place. This and several other pieces of jewellery are being made by a firm of Court jewellers, and will include some of the diamonds given to the Princess on her 21st birthday.

Pieces of family jewellery are also being broken down and reset for her.

So although the wedding of the Heiress Presumptive is an austerity affair, the bride and her retinue of bridesmaids will present a glittering spectacle.

The bridesmaids, in white frocks, will have flowers in their hair, but each will wear a lovely piece of jewellery, diamond-set, given by the bride and bridegroom.

While Lieutenant Mountbatten was holidaying at Balmoral he and Elizabeth decided on the presents.

Already these pieces of jewellery are being made to their designs.

lavish and spectacular as the jewellers will be in contrast to the austerity of the rest of the wedding arrangements, there will be no extravagance, as the Princess has some lovely gems which have been given to her, and many which she has inherited.

English craftsmen will benefit and the export drive will receive an extra fillip when the designs are seen, as there has been a big demand in America for copies of the engagement ring.

Even as far afield as Dallas, Texas, the design and copies of the ring are showing.

Eight bridesmaids

THE bridesmaids will be Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra of Kent, Lady Caroline Mountbatten-Douglas-Scott, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, the Honorable Pamela Mountbatten, the Honorable Margaret Elphinstone, and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon.

Prince William of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent will be page boys.

Hundreds of young girls throughout the Empire will sleep on a piece of the Princess' wedding cake, and perhaps dream of their future husbands.

Because the Princess has had so many offers of wedding cakes she has decided to accept ten, and to give these to various organisations and clubs throughout the Empire. A choice of these has not yet been made. The cake she will cut at the reception at the Palace will be made by McVittie and Price, of Edinburgh.



THE ROYAL FAMILY at Lord's. The group includes Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the U.S. Ambassador, Princess Elizabeth, the Queen, Lieutenant Mountbatten, the King, and Princess Margaret.

will probably be £20,000 sterling, but only a small amount will go on a present, and the rest to charity.

Like most British people, Elizabeth and Philip have had to scrap many of their plans since the economic crisis.

They will now spend their honeymoon in the South of England.

The place is, of course, secret.

Plans had been made for a honeymoon on the Riviera at the Marchioness of Milford-Haven's house, "La Courtille," in a secluded spot among wattle shrubberies above Cannes, or in Norway at the invitation of King Haakon.

The young couple shelved these plans because they both felt it would

be wrong to accept invitations to go abroad at a time when everyone else is obliged to stay put.

Like most brides of these days, Elizabeth won't have a trousseau. But she will add to her wardrobe a magnificent regalia when she is made a member of the 600-year-old Order of the Garter before her marriage.

The regalia is valued at £2500, but in case there is any suggestion that it would be cheaper to let the Princess have a trousseau, it must be borne in mind that this regalia is nearly always handed down from a former holder.

Elizabeth's trousseau will be made up of dresses she took to South Africa but didn't wear.

Patterns of these appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly. They include a green-and-white figured crepe dinner dress, a white jersey evening dress trimmed with red paillettes, and a black net dance frock.

An important question to be settled before the wedding is whether or not Princess Elizabeth will promise to "obey."

The words are omitted from the revised form of marriage service.

Choice of service

COPLES are given a choice of the old or new service, but ecclesiastical and legal experts are asking whether Elizabeth, a probable future sovereign, and therefore Defender of the Faith and head of the Church of England, can be given any such choice.

While austerity plans for the wedding are slowly taking shape, Lieutenant Mountbatten has resumed duty as instructor at Corsham Petty Officers' Training School, Wiltshire.

Though the Lord Chamberlain told the Ministry of Works no seats were to be erected along the route of the procession, Government offices have been asked to hang flags, but no bunting.

Many overseas and summer visitors are braving the English climate and staying on for the wedding.

Focal point of crowds after the wedding will be Buckingham Palace, the only building to be floodlit.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA will be among the bridesmaids at the Royal wedding.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and her fiance, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, dancing together at the Youth and Service Ball in Edinburgh recently. Philip led Elizabeth on to the floor to open the dancing, but had to retire as he did not know the steps of the first dance—an eightsome reel.



PRINCESS MARGARET will be chief bridesmaid at the wedding of her sister and Lieut. Mountbatten.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 27, 1947

THE 40-HOUR WEEK

THE decision of the Full Bench of the Commonwealth Arbitration Court to make the 40-hour week an Australia-wide working standard settled a long-debated question.

Hours of work have been a subject of industrial claims and counter claims ever since the time when employees' hours were governed mainly by the employers' conscience and convenience.

Nearly a century ago, the 48-hour week was acclaimed as a great achievement. As man's genius contrives more and better machines to do his work more swiftly he hopes to reap the benefit in a shorter and shorter working week.

Ordinary mortals would find this very pleasant. It is only the Einsteins and Madame Curies of this world who are so happy in their work that they want to keep at it for all their waking hours.

The desirable thing, however, is that decisions on such questions should be made as was the 40-hour week ruling, after arguments from all points of view had been heard and weighed, and the national and community welfare considered.

There are many thorny questions surrounding the decision and its implementation. The dangers of rising prices, overtime, and the way in which the 40 hours will be spread over the week are some of them.

On the settlement of these points depends the degree of benefit workers will gain. On their solution depends also the ease with which industry and the national economy adapt themselves to the change.

Naturally, success depends on the amount of production achieved in the 40 hours. Many have been apprehensive of the result of shorter working hours at this time of world crisis.

But goodwill and co-operative work on all sides can assure as much production in 40 hours as in 44. It is up to everybody.

Page 10



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: Our artist views a cigarette queue, likely to remain a feature of our national life.

It seems to me...

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Why don't you take up the bigger questions of the day more often? You haven't had anything serious to say about the nationalisation of banking..."

Dear Sir.—Enough written words have already been devoted to this subject to make "Gone With the Wind" twice over.

Enough people are already ear-bashing other people about it, from platforms, in trams, and over breakfast tables. (And nothing serious should ever be discussed at a breakfast table.)

What is more, whichever side they are on, they—or most of them—are sure they are right, no matter how sketchy the background from which they derive their certainty. Moreover, they don't want to hear anything further on the matter.

When I was a small child I believed that mountains were storms. I gained this impression at some early age from seeing adults pointing in the direction of the mountains in the distance and predicting a storm before nightfall.

Eventually I got the thing straight, but I think it must have left me with a dislike of jumping to conclusions, and a tendency when presented with an alien viewpoint to say "You may be right."

And it is the immense conviction with which so many people approach every controversial matter that I find more alarming than the controversies.

There are those who maintain that it is only by conviction that anything is ever achieved.

Even so, what passes for conviction is often only prejudiced parroting of others' convictions, I wouldn't pretend, of course, to be innocent of prejudices myself. Who is?

But, seeing what conviction and prejudices have produced to date in the way of wars and conflict, I'm all for a bit more wholesome doubting, a little less certainty.

* * *

THAT there are a great many people with open, doubtful minds was suggested by a happening at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Dundee, Scotland.

One of the most crowded lectures at the congress was a talk given on early European ghost stories.

Presumably, since it took place at a science congress, the audience of the meeting was composed of people who are accustomed to deal in what are known as facts.

No doubt they turned with relief to ghosts. For though no one has proved satisfactorily the existence of ghosts, no one has satisfactorily disproved it, either.

And ghosts, happily, are creatures of the night hours. Their terrors fade with the sunlight—which is more than can be said for other fears a pessimistic scientist may entertain to-day.

* * *

THE gremlins that haunt newspaper offices were on the back of my chair last week.

In mentioning a statement by the P.M.G. (Senator Cameron), I called him Senator Ashley. It's quite a while since Senator Ashley was P.M.G.

The amusing part of this (for everyone else but me) is that in the same issue I had a par about the mistake in the Newcastle stamp, saying it sent a cold shudder of sympathy through any worker on a newspaper!

BY



Dorothy Drain

THE landing of the illegal Jewish immigrants at Hamburg made distressing reading, and whatever the rights and wrongs of it the affair makes wretchedly convenient material for anti-British propaganda.

The accounts are conflicting. Some observers told of unnecessary force and cruelty being used by British soldiers. Some told of kind acts and gentleness by troops.

It is probable that there was truth in both views. For a brutal man is brutal whatever uniform he wears, and the same applies to a kind man. And some people evoke greater sympathy than others, whether they be Jews or Gentiles.

The refusal of the immigrants to land in France seems foolish, but the bitterness of landing in Germany must have been great indeed. And it is not surprising if the Jews are unreasonable after their long history of being kicked around.

Meanwhile, Americans let their heads and typewriters go in criticism and censure.

The Americans live in a glass house themselves in the matter of racial bitterness. But they're in the powerful position to-day where a few critical stones don't hurt them. Britain isn't.

Apart from the claims of humanity and sympathy, she desperately needs to clear up this nasty situation. For never in her history has she been more in need of the favorable opinion of other Powers.

* * *

THOUGH the intention of a resolution concerning foreigners passed by the South Australian branch of the Australian Labor Party was laudable, it misses the point.

The resolution suggested that it be made a penal offence to refer to naturalised Australians as "foreigners." (It followed a resolution that unnaturalised persons should, after 12 months, be given the opportunity of declaring their intention to become Australian citizens, and, if they failed to do so, be deported within six months.)

But the word "foreigner" only means a person born in a foreign country or speaking a foreign language. It isn't a term of opprobrium in itself.

In the unlikely event of such a law being passed, people who dislike foreigners could put as much venom into the term "naturalised Australian."

It's the attitude of mind that has to be changed. That's something that can't be done by law—only by time, and education in tolerance.

* * *

WOMEN'S organisations are pleased that legislation to enable a wife to retain savings from housekeeping money has been adopted by the New South Wales Cabinet.

Girlie, see what you have done
With energy unflagging,
Here at last the victory won
With years and years of nagging.

And yet the triumph, sad to say,
Won't alter your position.
If you can save your dough to-day,
My girl, you're a magician.

* * *

DESIGNERS of men's clothes in America are trying to make men's trousers shorter. What you gain on the skirts you lose on the round-the-houses.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

Interesting People



MISS MARGARET BEATY
... woman bank manager

BRITAIN'S first woman bank manager is blue-eyed, brown-haired, and charming Margaret Beaty, just 21 years old. Recently passing final of Bankers' Institute exam., she was immediately promoted to management of York County Savings Bank. Says: "I hope to prove there is scope for women in banks. I feel women bankers should be more patient than men, and able to cope with small investments of other women."



DR. KEITH BRADFIELD
... airport development

BRILLIANT 36-year-old Keith Bradfield, ex-chief airport engineer for the Department of Civil Aviation, is Australia's representative on the Council of International Civil Aviation Organisation in Montreal, Canada. In war he designed and developed airports throughout Australia and the islands. In Canada will investigate latest developments in airport design.



MISS PHYL FFRENCH
... paints in Philadelphia

FIRST Australian artist to hold a one-man show in America since Pearl Harbor is Phyl Ffrench, of Melbourne, whose show at McClees Galleries, Philadelphia, caused great interest. Attractive, slim, fair-haired Phyl lives in a fascinating old-world house in Philadelphia, and is kept busy. Sold a number of paintings at her exhibition. She was a pupil of Max Meldrum, went to Melbourne National Gallery Art School. Worked with Americans in war as draughtsman.

Mystery! Crime! Detection! Thrill to the Stories in ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE at all Bookstalls, 1/-.

PIERRE BALMAIN — man of ideas and charm

He escaped to dress-designing after studying science and architecture

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

Pierre Balmain, first famous French dress-designer to come to Australia with his own dress collection, says he can design clothes only "for a lady."

His models are so elegantly simple and distinguished that they do not appeal at all to the type of women who flourish on the black market in Paris and spend enormous sums every season on their clothes.

MANY of these women come to his salon and search through his collection, but they never find anything they can wear.

The type he has in mind as he designs his clothes is the elegant, cultured, poised woman, of whom he thinks the Duchess of Kent the ideal example.

During his brief three weeks in Australia Balmain hopes to see enough of Australian life to be inspired to design clothes specially suited to the average Australian woman.

The Australian girls he has seen so far have shown Balmain that their waists are broader but their hips more feminine than in most French girls, and these differences will affect the clothes he designs here.

Two women's hats he brought with him from Paris show already the strong influence of the A.I.P. Digger hat. One is in white felt and one in straw.

He came here to stage a series of fashion talks, which he demonstrated with clothes he designed in Paris and brought with him.

As he makes a point of buying a hat in every country he visits, he wants to take from Australia a broad-brimmed man's hat typical of those worn by our country men. His collection includes South American sombreros and Californian ten-gallons.

Balmain has an effortless charm and his greeting when you meet him has the friendly warmth of his native Savoy, in south-eastern France.

Good-looking, with dark, flashing eyes and a ready smile, he dresses conventionally. When I met him he wore a dark grey finely woven worsted suit, white shirt, maroon tie. The turned-back cuff of his coat-sleeve was his suit's only departure from the everyday pattern.

In perfect English, with a good-humored twinkle and a few expressive gestures, he tells the story of how he came to be a world-famous member of the Parisian haute couture before he was 30 years of age.

Much argument

CLOTHES were part of the background of his family life.

His father and grandfather ran an extensive wholesale business, distributing through the whole of Savoy beautiful folklore costumes, with their accompanying ribbons and flowers.

Such costumes are still worn by the older generation in Savoy.

From the time he was a lad of seven Balmain made up his mind he wanted to be a dress-designer. But a lot of things had to happen and a lot of arguing had to take place before he achieved his ambition.

"My father died when I was seven and mother would not hear of my being a dress-designer," he said.

"She did not think it a manly enough profession, and decided I was to be a doctor."

"The first woman ever to take any interest in my sketches of frocks was Mme. Premet, a famous French couturiere of my mother's day.

"She saw some sketches I did when I was only 15 years old, and she liked them so well she sent them off to Paris. And that was the last we ever heard of them."

"The young Pierre got his Bachelor of Science degree in Savoy. Then he made another bid for a



ASSISTANT DESIGNER to Pierre Balmain, Captain John Cavanagh, who started his career with Captain Molyneux, is in Australia with Balmain.

different career. His mother would still not consider dress-designing but compromised by sending him off to Paris to study architecture.

He supplemented his architectural studies by designing stage costumes for the Folies Bergères and the Casino de Paris.

"Of course, I had to do it anonymously so that mother wouldn't know. But plenty of my mathematics forms were filled with dress designs.

I submitted three to Robert Piguet and had them accepted.

"With the money I got for them I sent mother a bottle of Guerlain perfume."

"She took the first train to Paris to have a little chat with me. She was furious, and still would have none of this dress-designing nonsense."

"Then she lost her fortune. She could no longer afford to keep me in Paris to study."

"I had to go back to Savoy or manage on my own. Soon I got a job with Molyneux."

"After some years with Molyneux, I went over to Lelong, and in 1945 I started on my own."

"Mother was soon converted, and opened a dress salon of her own under her own name, Françoise Balmain, in the fashionable Savoy resort, Aix-les-Bains.

"I design all her dresses for her."

It was through his mother's salon that Balmain met Gertrude Stein, with whom he formed a great friendship lasting until her death.

"She was not interested in clothes; we never discussed them. Our mutual interest lay in literature, and I loved to talk with her about the young American writers, of whom one of my favorites is Steinbeck."

She was not interested in clothes; we never discussed them. Our mutual interest lay in literature, and I loved to talk with her about the young American writers, of whom one of my favorites is Steinbeck."



Balmain has two mementos of Gertrude Stein—a beautifully patterned Balinese scarf and a whalebone walking-stick—which were gifts to him.

"They are my lucky mascots. I never part from them, especially since last season, when I went out without the scarf, was run over by an American, and had my leg broken."

A third lucky mascot is a piece of muskrat skin, which he insists on carrying with him tied up into an odd little package with string. It has no story, but is "just lucky."

A keen skier, swimmer, and horseback rider, Pierre Balmain loves to design beautiful sports clothes for women.

"I hate to see the sporting outdoor type of woman wearing mammal clothes. There is no need at all for this."

For Balmain there is no longer skirt controversy. To him, it is simply a matter of evolution.

Clothes, he says, do not change for no reason at all from season to season. Each season's style evolves out of the one before it.

He pointed out that the longer skirt is not even new this season, instancing that in the collection brought from Paris for The Aus-

tralian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades last year there was a black net cocktail frock of ankle-length.

It is typical of Balmain that after a day's hard work in his salon he likes to spend his leisure hours relaxing at the Tabou Club, Paris headquarters of the young French intellectuals who believe in Jean Paul Sartre's philosophy of Existentialism—the latest subject of discussion in Paris and London.

He does not believe in the philosophy himself, but he enjoys the company he finds at the club, where young writers, painters, and musicians meet to exchange ideas.

The club is in a cellar on the left bank of the Seine and is simply furnished with benches, stools, and bare tables.

The Tabou Club is a night-club where it is thought smarter to talk than to drink, and where the usual boredom of a Continental night-club is replaced by intense mental stimulation. And it is cheap.

Captain John Cavanagh, Balmain's assistant designer, who has come with him to Australia, is from Mayo, West Coast of Ireland, which he admits himself seems a far cry from the Paris haute couture.

But like Balmain, he has wanted to be a dress-designer ever since he could think.

"I can remember sitting up in my cot when I was three years old admiring my mother, ready to leave for a ball, wearing a rose-pink satin gown and sables," he says.

"And when I was ten I was furious because she insisted on wearing a dress I thought too long. She wasn't showing enough of her knee."

"On my way to school I used to dawdle past shop windows gazing at dresses, and when in Paris as a schoolboy I walked down the Rue

QUIZZICAL look is typical of famous French dress-designer Pierre Balmain, who is visiting Australia to give fashion lectures.

de la Paix dazzled by the great names.

Molyneux came to London to open his dress house there when I was seventeen years old. I combed the London hotels until I found where he was staying.

"I wrote to him and he gave me an interview. He told me to learn fashion-drawing, and promised to criticise any sketches I sent to him.

"He did this for six months and then gave me a job in London.

"As soon as war broke out all the men on Molyneux's London staff rushed to join up, but we were asked to wait and keep the business going until the country was geared for war.

Gaining dollars

BEFORE I went into the Army in 1940 Molyneux presented a small collection of thirty practical, useful frocks and suits, and it was bought in its entirety by American stores.

"It helped to stimulate the big export of clothes to America, which built up the much-needed dollar balance, and is still helping to do so."

Captain Cavanagh first joined the infantry, went into intelligence, and then into the Camouflage and Deception Corps, where he had a key job in preparing for D-Day.

He was in India on similar work when war ended.

After nearly a year in America, where he met Balmain, he returned to Paris and his present job.

Summing up what makes a designer good enough to become a member of the Parisian haute couture, Captain Cavanagh said:

"Perfect dress design is the art of elimination. It is the 'nothing' dress with a 'trick' that is the highest achievement in the fashion world."



Smart clothes and
Chocolate must have
quality and

...says soignee

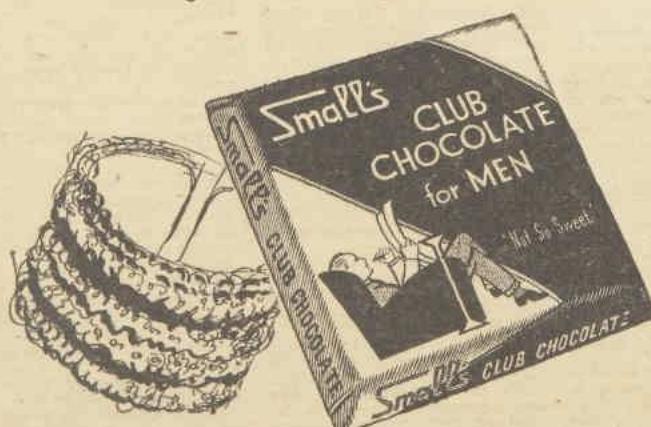
Catherine Duncan

star of radio and a
playwriter, too

Miss Duncan posed for us wearing an ear-fitting bonnet by Lucelle Felton in palest blue felt, trimmed with cyclamen spotted veiling and shaded ostrich tips.

Miss Duncan says: "Nowadays I find myself listening for the SNAP when I break a block of chocolate. The louder the snap the better the quality of the chocolate. Small's Club Chocolate always breaks with such clean brittle snap and that chocolate does taste good. Not-so-sweet and that's exactly the way I like it."

Everybody's 'snappin' it now!



Small's make great Chocolate

"THE LOUDER THE SNAP THE BETTER THE CHOCOLATE"

From Dad at his bowls to young Fred at tennis — they play a better game because of the quick pick-up they get from their Small's Club Chocolate. You hear Small's Club Chocolate snapping everywhere that people play during the weekend. The louder the SNAP the better the chocolate — and Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a good loud snap every time. So everybody's SNAPPING it now.



World-wide chorus to sing "Abide With Me"

Australia will share in commemoration of hymn written 100 years ago

By MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

On Sunday, November 16, choirs in churches throughout the world will sing "Abide With Me."

An English clergyman, the Rev. H. J. Garland, has organised this meeting of choristers to commemorate the writing of the hymn 100 years ago by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.

MR. GARLAND has been in touch with Australian Churches which will take part in the commemoration, and he has arranged for the hymn to be broadcast.

On the same day a simple tablet will be unveiled in Westminster Abbey to commemorate the death of the author a few weeks after he wrote it.

Henry Lyte, for 20 years vicar of Lower Brixham, Devon, sat in his lovely old garden looking across the Bay of Brixham as he set down the words that would bring fame to him and comfort to millions of people all over the world.

As he wrote he knew that he would soon die, and had known it for months.

There are many strange and affecting stories about the singing of "Abide With Me."

A submarine cruising off Heligoland in 1940 submerged, encountered engine trouble, and could not rise—the engines had gone dead. For hours the crew worked by flashlight, but in vain. The air became thin.

Finally, as the commander was about to issue pills that would bring peaceful unconsciousness, one of his men suggested singing a hymn, and "Abide With Me" was chosen.

They stood to sing, and as they came to the third verse the heavy-



REV. H. J. GARLAND, English Methodist minister, collects stories about "Abide With Me," to organize world commemoration next November.

est man in the crew fainted, falling across machinery. The jolt started the engine and the submarine rose.

As the *Titanic* sank slowly into an inky sea, survivors on rafts and in lifeboats could hear the strains of the hymn played by the ship's orchestra coming over the water till the white foam showed where the great liner had vanished.

It was sung at the Memorial Service at the Hall of Justice, Washington, on the day of the sudden death of President Roosevelt.

Annually, after the great Football Cup Final at Wembley, London, the



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE wrote inspiring hymn 100 years ago and died soon afterwards.

vast host of onlookers sing "Abide With Me." Passengers on a train to the game this year found an old man with them going to the arena not for the game, but for the hymn.

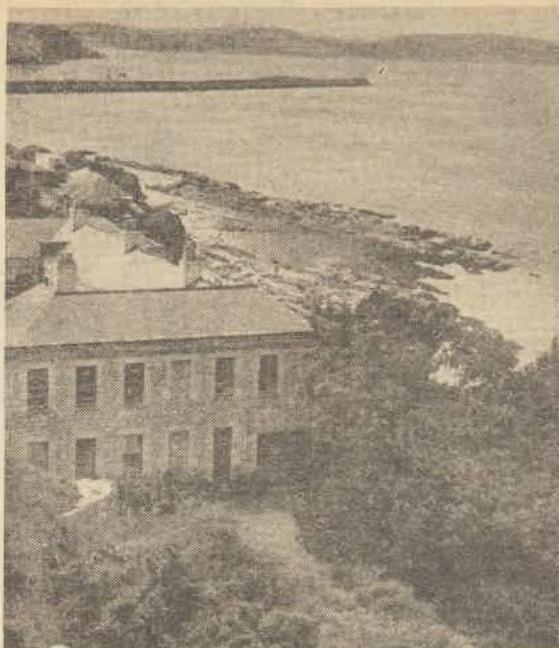
"For years my wife and I sang it every Sunday before going to bed. She died this year, but I thought perhaps, with such a great multitude singing it, she might hear it again, and I wanted to be one of them."

Rev. H. J. Garland, who is a Methodist clergyman, has spent many years gathering material about "Abide With Me," and receives about 200 letters a week.

Recently one arrived from Minneapolis from a Swedish-American woman who had once been a nursemaid to the manager's wife in a remote lumber camp. She told him how, when she was 15 years old, she had to walk three miles through lonely forest paths on Sunday evenings to visit her home.

As dusk deepened she would be terrified, but always allayed her fears by singing "Abide With Me," stopping to rest at the end of the song.

and marking in the snow crust with her finger a heart and the words "God is Love."



BERRY HEAD HOUSE, Brixham, Devon, home of Rev. Henry Lyte. Watching the ebb and flow of the tide from the garden of this house he was inspired to write "Abide With Me."

and marking in the snow crust with her finger a heart and the words "God is Love."

The letter writer added that years after she had left the locality she received a letter from a half-breed telling her he used to follow her to hear her sing and read her messages. They so impressed him, he had become a regular Church member.

The hymn has British Army associations stemming from Lord Kitchener to Lord Montgomery.

"As Kitchener stood to attention

in Khartoum Cathedral for the thanksgiving service for Omdurman he had tears in his eyes as the band played "Abide With Me," General Gordon's favorite hymn.

General Allenby asked for "Abide With Me" to be sung at the thanksgiving service in Jerusalem, when his troops entered in 1918.

General Montgomery first sang the hymn in his father's church, and it is his favorite.

It is the regimental hymn of the famous Durham Light Infantry. It was introduced into the regiment by a man who won the V.C. in 1914, and was sung by men of the D.L.I. as they stood waiting to be rescued from the beaches of Dunkirk.

It is the special hymn of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. At dinner on guest nights "God Save the King" is sung in the middle of dinner and "Abide With Me" at the end.

Henry Lyte's photos show him as unusually handsome, with a Byronic cast of features. He was tall, over six feet, and graceful.

Lonely childhood

BUT primarily Henry Lyte was interested in children. His own childhood had been lonely. When he was seven his army officer father had forsaken his mother, whom he never saw again.

His father, anxious to be rid of his two sons, left them in an Irish boarding school. Fortunately, the headmaster took a fatherly interest in Henry, later helped him through Trinity College.

He became the first vicar of Lower Brixham, Devon. As a parish priest he was in his element, and turning most of his attention to the children he became one of the leaders of the then new Sunday School movement.

He wrote the first hymn book for children.

New hymns were tried out first in the Sunday School.

So when the manuscript of "Abide With Me" was completed it was sent to the chormaster, who adapted Lyte's own tune and then it was sung by a 12-year-old girl with a pretty, clear voice.

Some years later it was set to the now famous music by Dr. W. H. Monk, and adapted into a sacred song at Dame Clara Butt's request for her Australian tour, by Samuel H. Liddle, who still lives in Hampshire.

As a fitting tribute to Rev. Henry Lyte, Eventide Homes for aged clergy of all denominations are to be founded. The first are to be established in Torquay, in his own county of Devon.



JOHNNIE ABBOTSMITH, former ranger in the Australian Alps, will go to Antarctica in the Wyatt Earp.

speed-skiing, dropping 300 feet in 90 seconds, 1000 feet in five minutes, with no falls, do high-speed stop christians, and stop on a steep slope with jump turns.

On a big, open parade ground General Morshed inspected the men. And he was on skis, too! They wouldn't let him off, and as he knew nothing of skiing had had to be trained first before he could take the parade. The men stood at attention on their skis, stocks stuck into the snow beside them.

On a big, open parade ground General Morshed inspected the men. And he was on skis, too! They wouldn't let him off, and as he knew nothing of skiing had had to be trained first before he could take the parade. The men stood at attention on their skis, stocks stuck into the snow beside them.

He is a second-class skier. The grading of second-class skier is Australia's highest skiing award. In the ten years since he first skied he has worked up to this grading. To win it you must do very high-

Caught in fog

ON these patrols," John went on.

"we carry packs weighing 25 to 30 pounds. I've had some exciting times when I've been going from one hut to another. I remember when I took a party of ten across the mountains from the Chalet to White's River Hut. After we left, a dense fog came up. You couldn't see a thing. From the rear I couldn't see the man who was leading! There was no visibility at all.

"Going down steep slopes we had only one thing to guide us.

"We made a snowball. We let it roll ahead of us and skied slowly behind. We knew that if we could still see it we were right, but if it vanished suddenly we'd know that it had shot over a cornice, so we'd have to try another way."

Before becoming a Kosciusko ranger, John had been to other snowfields. In peacetime he had worked on a ship taking him to Canada. Once there, he headed for the Canadian snowfields, and travelled in dog-teams.

"A bell like a telephone rings," John explained. "It is heard at the two main centres, and also at the other huts. The radius is about 30 to 40 miles, and the system is the simplest possible, even eliminating call signs."

"I patrolled about 78 miles a week keeping the lines open.

"Generally I took one or two with

"Nothing much happened!" he

Your Turn to TURN ON A PARTY?

Snappy New Sandwich
and Savoury Suggestions
from
ELIZABETH COOKE



ELIZABETH COOKE is the cookery and nutrition adviser for the Kraft Walker Cheese Company and her recipe files are packed with tasty suggestions to give your party menus a flair.

SURPRISE! SAVOURY PANCAKES

A sure way to have your party guests intrigued is to serve little savoury stuffed pancakes for supper.

First make your pancake dough and cook lightly. Then spread pancakes with Kraft Fish Paste, sprinkle with pepper and salt and chopped parsley.

Roll up pancakes, cut into one inch lengths, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, fry in deep fat till golden brown, drain and serve piping hot with a garnish of parsley.

Just in case you're on the lookout for a good pancake batter recipe, here's one that should come in very handy, whether you want to have pancakes for the family dessert or whether you want to make these special stuffed pancakes for a party.

Plain Pancake Batter

Four eggs, 2 small cups flour, pinch of salt, 1 pint milk.

Separate egg-yolks and whites and beat separately. Put flour into basin, add yolks, then whites and beat until smooth. Add salt and stir in milk, gradually, beating until smooth. Let stand one hour or more before cooking. Makes 18 pancakes.

Here's another pancake recipe which is handy if you are in a hurry, because you can use the batter immediately, without leaving it to stand.

SERVED TIME IN SAIL



The man with the monkey wrench is Capt. A. G. Ireland, who knows just about everything when it comes to boats and weather. He served his time in sail. We interviewed Capt. Ireland at his boatshed in Double Bay just after he'd slipped a deep keel yacht for cleaning and overhaul. "It's not always as easy as this," he said. "When a hard, wet southerly blows in across the bay, we're on our toes day and night . . . checking moorings or answering distress call. That's when you need a hot Bonox to take the chill out of your bones." Steaming hot Bonox . . . there is nothing like it to keep up your resistance right through the rainy, windy days of winter. Bonox drives out the chill . . . gives you that added pep to boost you above the 'flu line. You can bypass 'flu this winter with that daily cup of Bonox. Drink it steaming hot.

KB79

Quick Pancake Batter

One cup S.R. flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin. Make a well in the middle, add unbeaten egg, stir flour in gradually from sides and add milk, a little at a time. When half milk has been added, beat well to remove lumps. Gradually add remaining milk, cook and use as required to make stuffed pancake savouries.

Mornay Rolls

You can use this same pancake batter for another delectable savoury dish to feature on a buffet supper menu—Mornay rolls.

Spread lightly fried pancakes with your favourite Kraft Fish Paste, or with shredded cheese, and roll up. Cut pancakes into one-inch lengths, place in casserole or baking dish and half cover with fish- or cheese-flavoured white sauce. Bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes, or until golden brown.

Creamed foods—that is, chopped meat, fish, poultry or vegetables, seasoned and mixed with white sauce, are always a standby for party menus.

For a substantial buffet meal, you can serve these foods from large dishes at the supper table—or in individual scallop dishes. Or you can prepare your creamed mixture beforehand and serve it in pastry cases or in the following intriguing Toast Baskets.

Fish Scallop

Add four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste and one beaten egg to half a cup of white sauce. Season with pepper and salt and add two teaspoons white wine (optional).

Fill scallop dishes with mixture. Sprinkle with shredded cheese, or shredded cheese and breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. Enough for eight servings.

Toast Baskets

Slice sandwich bread thinly and trim off crusts. Allow one slice for each basket and press each slice firmly into greased muffin or patty tins, with edges overlapping tins. Spread with soft butter which has been mashed and mixed with a little milk, and bake in a slow oven until the baskets are crisp and golden brown. Fill with a hot creamed mixture, and garnish with parsley sprigs.

Creamed Fish Paste is a delicious fish-flavoured filling to go in the Toast Baskets or pastry cases. Add four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste to half a cup of white sauce, season to taste with salt and pepper and beat in one egg. Fill cases with this mixture and heat in a moderate oven for about eight to ten minutes till well heated through before serving.

It's always easy to brighten up party or everyday menus when you keep your kitchen cupboard well supplied with the five delicious varieties of Kraft Fish Pastes. They are marvellously handy for quick snacks, savouries and sandwich fillings and you can feature them in tasty cooked dishes too. They give you a grand fish flavour without any of the bother of catching, and cleaning your fish. Or boning it, anyway!

When you open a tin of Kraft Fish Paste and you want to keep part of it for later use, just cover and put in a cool place to keep it fresh.

More Savoury Notions

As a change from sausage rolls, serve Miniature Meat Pies, which you can make in the same way as a steak and kidney pie for the family's dinner — only this time roll the pastry wafer-thin and press into individual patty tins. Fill with meat mixture flavoured with rich, tasty Bonox. Top with pastry and bake in a quick oven till golden brown.

Savoury Crumpets

Split toasted crumpets, spread with butter and a dash of Bonox and serve piping hot.



The gentleman in the old song who called for fish balls, would have been more than pleased with the taste of these delectable fish-flavoured morsels of goodness.

Party Fish Rissoles

Two beaten eggs, 8 oz. Kraft Fish Paste, 1 lb. mashed potatoes, 1/2 onions (medium), 2 tablespoons flour (plain), 1 cup fresh breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped parsley to taste.

Mix beaten eggs with Fish Paste and blend with seasoned potatoes. Braise onions (chopped finely) and add to mixture. Add flour and breadcrumbs and form into rissoles. Crumb as for cutlets with egg, flour and dry breadcrumbs and fry to golden brown in deep fat. Serve hot. Makes twenty large or forty small portions.

This is a recipe which is handy to have in your collection both for party suppers or every day meals. Make the patties small size and you have a big batch of very tasty party morsels. Make them larger, serve them with the family's favourite green and yellow vegetables and you have a hearty, satisfying main course dish all ready for any day's dinner.

Fish Mushrooms

Bake pastry in cup shapes in individual muffin or round patty pans. Roll stems separately out of pastry strips and bake. When cooked and cool put together with creamed Fish Paste (recipe above).

Pastry Sticks

Make Krusto pastry according to directions, roll thinly and spread lightly with Bonox. Turn pastry over, roll and spread again. Do this three times altogether, then cut pastry into strips about 3 inches long and 1 inch wide. Twist a little and bake in a moderate oven for 6-10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

That dash of Bonox works wonders for the flavour of dozens of savoury dishes — meat pies, stews, soups and gravies, so it's a GOOD THING to keep handy for your cooking.

Enjoy a steaming hot cup of Bonox for a quick pick-me-up on chilly days too. Bonox gives you a "lift" when you are cold and tired and builds up resistance to chills and "flu."

It stimulates the flow of digestive juices and helps you to get the most out of the other foods you eat.

Sandwich Successes

A party menu isn't complete without a platter or two of tasty sandwiches, and the following sandwich suggestions only need to go along with bread and butter to be a complete success at the party.

- Slice cooked sausages very thinly and season with a smear of Bonox.
- Combine a dash of Bonox with chopped watercress or parsley.
- Blend finely minced apple, chopped dates and a dash of lemon juice.
- Take four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste with one cup of whipped cream and one dessertspoon of mayonnaise and mix thoroughly together for very tasty sandwich or savoury filling.

- Blend together four ounces of Kraft Fish Paste, one tablespoon mayonnaise, one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pepper, salt and a little sugar to taste.

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The enthralling life story of a brilliant woman doctor.

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FISH SPECIAL
For Supper



NO COUPONS
NEEDED!

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE
KRAFT FISH
SAVOURIES

4 oz. Kraft Fish Paste, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons water, squeeze of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, 4 oz. Krusto, parsley sprigs.

Mix the Fish Paste and breadcrumbs together and add water, lemon juice and onion. Pepper and salt to taste. Prepare Krusto pastry according to directions — roll out thinly, cut into rounds the size of a breakfast cup. Brush round edges with water. Place small portions of the mixture on pastry and fold in half. Fry in deep fat for 2 min. or until golden brown both sides. These may be baked for 10 min. in a hot oven. If baked, glaze with egg white. Garnish with parsley.

5 Grand Varieties!

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Dress Sense...

by Betty Keep

ALTHOUGH it is impossible for me to answer individually the letters arriving from all parts of Australia on fashion problems, I read them all carefully and every fortnight in this section I deal with problems that appear to concern many readers. So that I will know what fashion problems concern the greatest number of readers, please continue writing. Address your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

THIS week I have received a number of letters from mothers with teen-age daughters, asking for advice and help about the growing-up school-girl's wardrobe, and as I design my own teen-age daughter's clothes, and love doing it, I know a little about the modern Australian teen-ager and her requirements.

Planning a teen-ager's wardrobe, especially if the model is slim (my daughter is 5ft. 6in. and weighs 7st. 10lb.), can be lots of fun. Teen-agers taken by and large are not individualists. Most girls over 14 and under 17 need encouraging.

To-day the scope of a girl's individuality is bounded only by her fancy, and I consider it is good to

encourage individuality in dress, in act, and in thought.

The average teen-ager, if she is to be suitably dressed for all occasions, needs a variety of clothes wisely and economically planned.

Most schools have regulation uniforms, so out-of-school dressing is our concern.

The most frequently worn dress in the teen-age wardrobe is the dress for general day wear. It goes to meet friends, to the movies, everywhere. For morale's sake, it is wise to see that this type of dress really suits the wearer's color and personality.

For winter, a light wool in a pastel shade can't be bettered. Cotton is good for summer, perhaps a striped gingham, check or plaid.

The design depends on the wearer's proportions. Most young figures look best in easy skirts, defined waists, and a fitted bodice top.

Party wardrobe

THE party wardrobe needs at least two dresses, one floor-length and formal, and one street-length and informal. A long dress can be practical as well as glamorous. There are plenty of delicious, summery materials: filmy marquisette, organdie, crisp pique, and gingham. With care, dresses in this category can go into the wash tub. Taffeta, too, is excellent.

The short party-dress can play several roles—movies, Saturday night outings, impromptu dances, and gramophone parties. The design can be pretty—perhaps a dress with a low, round neckline, short puffed sleeves, and a tight midriff band.

The most perfect action clothes are pedal pushers for any tough sports such as cycling or hiking, and an above-knee-length dress in white cotton for tennis.

Swimsuits, I consider, should be bought ready made; they need correct and careful styling. The exception is the two-piece romper swimsuit. This style can be successfully made in cotton by an average home dressmaker.

A coat should be all purpose. A utility one is listed under school clothes. The coat, because it is the coat, must go over day as well as evening clothes. It should be cut for warmth as well as good looks. Have the coat three-quarter-length and rather loosely cut, in a flattering color.

It is wise to encourage the young to fuss about hair, skin, and make-up. Give them sensible beauty ar-



LONG GOWN for formal dances is a must for every teen-ager.

ticles to read and a simple, nourishing diet to follow. Don't make lipstick and face powder taboo. But do point out that young skin looks best unpowdered, and the correct color in lipstick is important.

There is only one rule for hair-clean and well brushed.

For summer

NOW here are two special requests from readers.

"Will you please make some suggestions for my summer wardrobe? I live in the tropics and in the country, and motor two and a half hours to reach the city. I have no idea how to choose clothes, and consequently I have a pile of things and not one outfit suitable for any occasion."

In building a wardrobe, select a basic color, be sure it flatters your hair and eyes. Next take into consideration whether the greater part of your life is spent in the country or in the city, and have tailored or dressy clothes accordingly.

In a hot climate a tailored skirt with separate tops is far cooler than



BETTY KEEP discusses clothes and simple beauty culture with her teen-age daughter Margot.

a suit, and more practical for laundering purposes. A long overblouse reaching to just hip-length is new and smart. So is a low-necked, tuck-in blouse with cap sleeves. Have the skirt in cacao-colored linen and the long blouse in striped cotton or rayon.

The low-necked blouse could be a print, perhaps red interlaced with black, on a beige ground.

A slim sheath-dress with a cool oval neckline is an excellent basic dress. Choose beige for the dress, and wear it with all-black or all-white accessories. In the late afternoon the dress could be worn with a print turban and gloves.

For dinner, in your own home or a friend's, a dress made in the new mid-calf length with cutaway shoulders is cool and attractive.

Pressing problem

I HAVE become an enthusiastic home dressmaker and a fairly successful one. There is, however, a small problem worrying me, and perhaps you can help. I want to know the correct way to press a garment to achieve a really professional look."

Pressing plays a very important part in home dressmaking. The chief thing to remember is to press each seam or tuck immediately after sewing. Acquire the habit of pressing as you make: keep an iron and ironing-board handy, and a tiny ironing-pad to wear on the hand like a glove. Press, of course, means

AFTERNOON FROCK is the one a teen-ager wears most, therefore is all important.



press, not iron. You press by placing the iron on the fabric, lifting it, and placing it on again.

It's a safe rule to press all materials on the wrong side, and to press all materials with the grain. Always test a small piece of the dress material to find the degree of heat best suited to the particular weave. If you are pressing a wide seam, slip a piece of paper under the edge to keep it from making an impression on the other side.

By Constance Bannister



ROUNDED NECKLINE, puffed sleeves, and full skirt are suitable for short party frock.

BABY BANTERS



I have a hunch...

I'm gonna be awful sorry some day...

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 27, 1947

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MARGRIT said abruptly, "I'm afraid I don't like him," and changed the subject by remarking that Dr. Ruegg's study light had just gone on.

"He often works there very late," her mother said. "But not for himself, not for money," she added in her quick little voice. She put down the brush and said good-night.

Margrit left her and went slowly to bed, but it was a long time before she slept.

The next day she had planned to join in a skating expedition with some friends, the Nagel sisters, and a friend of theirs from Neuchâtel. She was dressing when Lili, the maid, shouted from downstairs that there was a telephone call for her which she could take on the extension. "Ein Amerikanischer."

"An American?" Margrit's fingers froze on the silver buttons of her sweater and she could feel the sudden, wildly hopeful throb of her heart against her throat.

"Ja. The one who was here last night, Fraulein."

"Oh." She answered dully. "Tell him I can't come to the telephone now—that I'm going out." She frowned. That sergeant certainly had a great deal of effrontery, telephoning her after last night.

The threat of more snow hung grey in the still air as, some twenty minutes later, she descended to the street. As she neared the corner she saw Bill Anthony standing by the lamp-post.

She stopped angrily, while he came toward her, his cap in his hand, an uncertain grin on his tan face.

"This is where I came in," he said. "Remember?"

"I don't think I care for a second performance," she said and started to walk past him, her skates swinging over her shoulder.

He fell into step beside her, his face sobered now.

"I'm sorry about last night," he apologised. "I was in a foul mood it so happened, and I couldn't take a practical joke. I didn't go to Lucerne to-day because I wanted to see you and tell you I was sorry. When your maid told me you were going skating, I took a cab up here hoping to catch you."

"I heard what you said about my hair," she said stiffly. "I was just going to make you wait on that corner last night. Then when it snowed, I changed my mind."

He stopped stock-still and began to laugh. Margrit could feel her face reddening. She walked on quickly but he caught up with her in long strides.

"It served me right," he said, still laughing. "Anyway, we came out even. Now please have lunch with me. You ought to do something, you know, to make up for Lucerne."

They went by electric car to an inn at the top of the Uetliberg, a small mountain close to Zurich. The inn smelled of sausages and spilled beer and goat cheese, but they were good, cozy and warm smells. Outside the many windows the snow lay, and below spread opaque layers of fog.

"You speak English with a touch of foreign accent," the sergeant said. "I suppose I do," Margrit admitted. "I hardly ever talk in English. Father likes us always to speak Swiss-German at home, so that Mother and I will speak like Swiss. After all, we are Swiss now—Father adopted me and they changed my name then from Margaret to Margrit."

"Don't you have any American friends?"

She shook her head. "Not here. And because of the war there weren't all the English and American students at the school that there usually would have been. The foreign students were French and Italian and German."

Thinking of those days, she drew a thoughtful little line of wetness from his spilled beer on the table.

"You had to be so careful not to start an argument about the war," she said.

"I suppose living in a neutral country wasn't all jam."

"Neutral!" She felt suddenly angry with him for the easy way he had said it. "Neutrality is standing holding your breath wondering when the hurricane will suck out the walls of your house. Do you think neutrality means not caring who wins? Everybody cared one way

And Then He Went Away

Continued from page 3

or the other. And there's something horrible about having your country a background for intrigue and even violence."

Her voice was trembling.

"You must have read about the kidnappings and the murders. The Gestapo had its agents here, everywhere. You never knew who—Neutrality," she told him, "is having a thick-necked German banker at your dinner table, hating him every minute, and being gracious because your country doesn't dare to offend him."

"You were probably a great deal more aware of intrigue and spying than most people, because of your stepfather's importance in financial deals," he hazarded.

"I suppose so. I had an experience at college . . ." Remembering, she could feel the old tightening around her heart.

"There was a history teacher, supposedly from Alsace, a Mademoiselle Duprez, who went out of her way to make friends with me. We got on such personal terms that I even read to her letters from home that mentioned my stepfather's sudden trips to conferences in Basel or Bern with Allied commissioners. Well—one day the Swiss Army Intelligence arrested her and sent her back to Berlin."

"That must have taken some getting over," Bill said understandingly. "After the war, it must have been like breathing fresh air here again."

"Not entirely fresh," she shuddered. "There are still plenty of people in Switzerland who oughtn't to be here, who are wanted by Allied courts or for trial as collaborationists in their own countries. Sometimes one of them dies mysteriously. And the search still goes on here for hidden Axis loot and stolen or secreted formulas and patents."

All at once she wanted violently

to push it all from her, like pushing over a table laden with dirty china.

"Why are we talking about such things?" she demanded passionately. "I hate them. I hate to think of ugly things." She took out a compact and straightened her cap as the waiter presented the check.

Bill put down the exact amount of the bill in francs. Then he said to the waiter, "Here you are, pal." He took a handful of cigarettes from his package and put them in the waiter's palm. They grinned at each other happily and the waiter said "Danke."

"I'm using the good old barter system instead of cash wherever I can," Bill explained as he got to his feet to pull back her chair. "You see, I've got to buy carved bottle-tops and musical-boxes for my sister and brother-in-law and four nephews."

"And a watch for your father," Margrit finished, smiling back at him, "and some embroidery for your mother."

"My father died when I was a kid." He reached for her coat on the back of her chair. "My mother died ten days ago. That's why they gave me this leave."

"Oh! Oh, I'm so sorry!"

She looked up quickly, compassionately, into his thin face with the evenly tanned skin, the straight, serious nose, and the little white scar on the forehead. She saw how the tight lines had settled again around his mouth, where, just now when he was talking to the waiter, there had been a blithe and ingratiating grin.

It occurred to her that gaiety was probably natural to him. She imagined his small nephews would adore him, that he'd get down on the floor and play with them and

be at home with them, the way she had noticed that he was with Peter last night. She thought that perhaps, with his well-knit figure and narrow hips, he would dance well and that he would like to dance.

She felt all these things about him, then she wondered what it was that could become dark and sardonic behind his eyes and unexpectedly savage in his voice and bitter on his lips. She felt that it was something older than this new grief, as the little scar on his forehead was older than the war.

"Did your mother die suddenly?" she asked him gently.

"Yes," he said briefly, and helped her into her jacket. They went out of the inn and into the sun and snow.

The air was surprisingly warm up here, and there was a sound of water dripping from the inn's eaves. They wandered across the snow to a parapet. There was a kind of perspective there, its top marked with arrows pointing to the distant, now invisible peaks.

Mist lay below them, not like some floating thing, but so thick it seemed to have been built up in layers from the floor of the valley below.

"It was a nice lunch," Margrit thanked him. "I'm glad I came." And she added rather awkwardly that she hadn't really meant what she had said about not liking American soldiers.

"One of them gave you a rugged time of it, though, I suspect." He shook out one of his remaining cigarettes.

"It wasn't exactly that." She kicked at the snow with the toe of her boot. "As a matter of fact, I've never told anyone about it, not even Mother. At first I thought I'd better not, because I'd actually broken the law in helping him. Later on—well, there wasn't anything more to tell."

BILL lit his cigarette and threw the match up and out with a flip of his wrist and it sizzled and blackened in the snow.

"I'm not trying to pry into your affairs," he said.

"I know." All at once it seemed easy to talk about it, detached up here from the world below, with a man who would be away and out of her life to-morrow. "It happened just before the end of the war," she told him.

She had been staying with one of her stepfather's sisters, who had a chalet with a lot of ground around it near Schaffhausen—near the road that ran on to Schaffhausen and the German border. Her college term had ended early, and she had gone out to be with Aunt Annell because her aunt was ill in bed at the time. She had taken Peter with her.

"It was just twilight, and I had started out for a little walk with Peter. We went down a long slope behind the house; I was about to turn back because the ground was damp, when Peter began to bark and went leaping down towards a clump of trees. I called to him to come back, but he sat down where he was and waited for me to come up to him."

She had been a little frightened, conscious of the loneliness of the spot and certain someone must be behind those trees.

"Then out steps our hero," Bill said.

"He certainly didn't look heroic just then." Margrit smiled at the memory. "He was very muddy and he was wearing an old civilian coat that was much too small for him and he hadn't any hat . . ."

He had been tall, holding himself with the straightness of the fir trees behind him. His face was drawn with fatigue, but deeply tanned and strong-looking. There was nothing distinguishing about any of his features, but the total effect of them was disturbingly handsome.

They had regarded each other uneasily a moment. There was no sound of traffic from the road; nothing but the evening stillness and the wet, earthy odor rising from the woods. This was something this first moment of encounter, that was too much her own to be conveyed to anyone, even to someone listening so quietly and intently.

"He tried to tell me in German that he was lost, but it was terrible German. I was sure he must be either an American or English then who had parachuted down, so I told him I was an American, and asked him if he wasn't one. He just stared at me, of course, as though he couldn't believe it, then he said, 'You bet, I'm an American. And where have you been during all my life?'

"Oh, I know that's just a slang phrase," she said quickly, "but somehow I like to remember the first thing he said to me was so American and so—well, fresh, when I was in such trouble and so exhausted."

"How'd he get the civilian clothes?" Bill asked her practically.

"A Swiss family had given them to him. He was a member of the crew of a B-29 and his plane had caught fire after bombing Munich. They had all bailed out near Schaffhausen. A Swiss border patrol had picked up all the others, he thought—except for two that didn't get clear—but he had got away." A little reminiscent smile hovered on her lips a moment.

"He had hoped to escape from Switzerland into France for another go at the Germans. He hid in a barn, the farmer found him and concealed him for a while. Then one of the farmer's sons drove him in a wagon to the outskirts of Zurich. I came across him after he had lost his way trying to take a short-cut. He had been wandering around all day."

"He was lucky he hadn't been picked up," Bill observed.

"Yes, wasn't he? I told him he'd better come into the house with me for the night and go into Zurich in daylight. So he went with me, and I gave him some supper . . ."

Please turn to page 23

What's on your mind?

Money will not mend a broken heart

IT is high time we altered our breach of promise laws. Marriage has long ceased to be the only career open to a woman, and a jilted girl is no longer looked at askance by her friends.

Money cannot mend injured feelings or compensate for wounded pride, and often revenge is the only motive in a breach of promise case.

Surely the commonsense view would be to break off an engagement rather than to go on to an unhappy marriage.

Ignoring the idea of any compensation for a broken heart there should be damages for actual monetary loss, such as any money spent on a house, furnishings, house hold linen, or for the loss of a job.

In the State of New York, U.S.A., breach of promise actions were abolished in 1935.

And, as a writer in an English magazine recently suggested, "It is time we followed suit and stopped this waste of public time and energy in probing cases that rarely reveal more than spite, injured pride, and the desire for a mercenary revenge."

El to Miss June Fraser, 19 Vernon St., Glen Iris, Vic.

French custom

IN Paris, while bus passengers wait at the departure stop, they amuse themselves with numbered tickets from an automatic machine. Passengers board buses by priority numbers. This system eliminates the mad rush seen in Australia's cities, and is fair to all.

5/- to Miss D. Locke, "Harmony," Richmond Park, East Gordon, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to us the column "What's on your mind?" with opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, 100 Elizabeth St., Melbourne. The address given is the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will we publish anonymous correspondence.

Payment of 5/- will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column. Unsigned letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Life saver

SHOULD a plane crash, there is little chance of survival for the passengers.

However, if aircraft designers could incorporate some means whereby the pilot could jettison the passenger seats through the



bottom of the plane, lives might be saved.

Passengers could be warned by the pilot over an amplifier to don parachutes, and, if over the sea, life-preservers. Then the button could be pressed, releasing the passengers in their seats from the plane.

5/- to Mr. W. T. H. Cramp, 12 Mt. Stuart Rd., North Hobart, Tas.

Library list

I THINK it would be a great help to the public if lending-libraries had lists printed with names of books and authors and hung them beside each shelf to show what books were there, so that people could find quickly the books they wanted.

5/- to Master Norman Jewell, Granya, via Tullangatta, Vic.

Film cuts

IF, during the present dollar crisis, we are forced to curtail our film imports, why not cut out all those second-rate films which so often we have to tolerate as supporting features?

Even if it meant only one picture and a few shorts or newreels to each programme, most people would be pleased to have the worthwhile pictures left. In fact, I believe the cuts could be a blessing in disguise.

5/- to Miss E. Waddell, 146 High St., Taree, N.S.W.

Do we want to?

BEING a man of many travels, including Europe and the East, I have contacted nearly every nationality, and met sportswomen of all types. I have often overheard them discuss this question:

"Why are women not allowed to ride racehorses?"

I consider women should be allowed to do this, and also to enter trotting competitions.

Shall we live to see women's wishes granted and watch women galloping down the straight?

5/- to ACI Mulholland, 69 O.B.U., R.A.A.F., Moreton, via Melbourne.

Tired of it

I WONDER if other people are as tired as I am of all this fuss about child psychology. Surely if a woman is young enough to produce a child, her own childhood can't be so far away.

Therefore it seems unlikely that she has forgotten what her childhood was like. She would remember what she liked or disliked, what frightened her, what made her a good little girl, or what turned her into a little devil.

She accordingly should be able to deal with her own children.

Some mothers are only too ready to rush their children off to a psychologist when commonsense would help.

5/- to Mrs. D. Hatcher, 4 Mitchell St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 27, 1947



Invitation: Grand Ice Cream party at the Trocadero, at 10 a.m. on October 11th, Australia's first juvenile mannequin parade, all child show. Children 6d, Adults 2/- Proceeds in aid of Mosman SPASTIC CENTRE. Tickets available at door on Party Day. Reservations available by writing 'Trocadero,' George Street, Sydney. Phone MA 6431.

**jean
durain**

OF CALIFORNIA

CACTUS COLOURS

... the desert smiled, and caught the quick eye of colour-conscious Californian designer, Jean Durain, who translated the flowering cacti shades into these sunshine colours for little girls... Cereus Blue, Cholla Lime and Cinnebar Rust on Cloud White. Made from Hope Skillman's gleaming Sheenstripe—Sanforized and vat-dyed for lasting freshness. Available from leading stores.



AT FASHION SHOW. Mrs. Len Robb, wife of official secretary to Governor, is accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Colin Robb, when they attend "Round the Clock" fashion talk by Pierre Balmain.



TOAST. Barbara Cary (centre) is toasted by her sister, Mrs. Ian McLaurin (right), and Joan Allsop at engagement party at home of her mother, Mrs. Harold Cary, of Elizabeth Bay. When Barbara marries fiance Dr. Tom Furber next year, Margaret McLaurin and Joan will be her attendants.



TWO PRETTY GIRLS. Elaine Walker Smith and Diana Brunton snapped in Hyde Park on their way to committee meeting for junior group of Kindergarten Union. Junior group arranging dinner dance to be held at Roosevelt this Sunday, September 21.



AT INVESTITURE. Flight-Lieut. Arthur Bowman, R.A.A.F., and his wife in the grounds of Government House after the Governor-General, Mr. W. J. McKell, pins D.F.C. on to Arthur's uniform. Investiture is first to be held at Government House since Mr. McKell was appointed Governor-General.



FETE HELPERS. Mrs. J. Macdonald Holmes, chairwoman of Sydney University Settlement Fete Committee, talks over plans for fete, which will be held this Saturday, September 27, with June Hazlitt, Ruth Gray, and Liska Roberts.



AT PRINCE'S. Danie Griffen and Mrs. John Bray meet at Prince's to discuss plans for Town and Country Ball, which will be held at Prince's next Monday, September 29, in aid of Smith Family.

Intimate Greetings

FEEL that many feminine members of Pierre Balmain audience at his "Round the Clock" fashion talk at David Jones' come away with light hearts.

Reason being that Balmain, who is acknowledged one of world's fashion authorities and leaders, prefaches fashion comments with remark, "Don't imagine women in Paris walk in ankle-length dresses in the streets." With expressive wave of the hand Balmain adds, "That's just copy for magazines."

FEATURE of Balmain's collection is that each garment is suitable for wear in Australia by Australian women and girls. Ensembles are all "wearable," and ideas of line and style could be copied to make balanced wardrobe for most of us.

Only completely uninterested participant is Gilbert, Mrs. Duke Coleman's French poodle, who had been borrowed to parade with mannequins. He had had a special ammonia rinse to brighten his blonde coat.

Welcoming guests at cocktail party before fashion talk Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones were assisted by their schoolboy son Charles.

FLOWERS in garden of their Sutton Forest home are specially grown for wedding of Marjorie Northcott, elder daughter of Governor, Lieutenant-General John Northcott, and Mrs. Northcott, with Major Donald Coburn, R.E.M.E., at St. Andrew's Cathedral on November 5. Donald arrives in Sydney in time for dance on October 9 given by Governor and Mrs. Northcott for their daughters and to introduce Don to Marjorie's friends.

Couple plan trip to England at end of year or beginning of next year, and will live in England.

St. James', King Street, is Mary Fenwick, who will walk up aisle this Wednesday with Lee Best. Mary, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fenwick, of Bomberby, Port Macquarie, formerly of Oran-dunbie, Walcha, has chosen magnolia marquise mounted on taffeta for her wedding gown worn with matching cut tulip veil, and she will carry cream hyacinths. Bridesmaids will be Mary's sister Helen and Lee's sister Barbara.

Colin MacArthur Brown and Clive Best will attend Lee at ceremony, which will be followed by reception at Ranelagh. Couple met three years ago at Collaroy when Mary was down from the country. Lee is younger son of Mrs. Best, of Collaroy, and late Mr. Peter Best.

Mary and Lee will make home at "Tree Top," Rouse Hill—a property on the Windsor Road.



MINERVA PREMIERE. Mr. Roland Walton greets Mrs. Ernest Watt, who accompanies Mr. Randolph Churchill to opening night of "Grand National Night." Churchill gave two lectures at Sydney Town Hall during his brief stay here.

MEET Mrs. Marcus Rex, who tells me she is busy with plans for first post-war dance of Rose Bay Convent Ex-Students' Association, to be held at Wentworth on October 2.

Hopes it will be an informal coming-out for debutante members of the Association. These new members are represented on the committee by Terry Odille Maher, Joan Sheedy, Ruth Kirkland, Denise Carroll, Maeve Holmes, and Helen McElhone.

As president of Association, Millie Rex makes history, being the first daughter in 65 years to succeed her mother (Lady Sheldon) in that position. Mrs. Rex's own daughter Marcella is still a pupil at Convent.

ELEVEN days of glorious sunshine yachting off the Cornish coast for two young Australian lasses and their R.N. husbands. In a letter to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Witherington, of Leura, their daughter June, wife of Lieut. H. D. Nixon, tells them that she and Lieut. and Mrs. Dan Scrutton have been having a wonderful holiday together. Mrs. Scrutton was Joan McPhee, of Sydney.

FOURTH generation to marry at St. James', King Street, is Mary Fenwick, who will walk up aisle this Wednesday with Lee Best. Mary, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fenwick, of Bomberby, Port Macquarie, formerly of Oran-dunbie, Walcha, has chosen magnolia marquise mounted on taffeta for her wedding gown worn with matching cut tulip veil, and she will carry cream hyacinths. Bridesmaids will be Mary's sister Helen and Lee's sister Barbara.

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BRIEFLY: Sudden warm day brings forth crop of new season straw hats. Looking down from gallery at Government House when Governor-General McKell holds investiture there see Coral Williams' lovely creation of black velvet and lace wide-brimmed cream straw. Coral proudly accompanying fiance Flight-Lieut. Bob MacDonald, who is presented with D.F.C. . . . Miss Diana Jefferson will be June bride next year when she marries Alfred Saunders . . . Gay old time is expected in Benalla, when local District Memorial Hospital Carnival Committee arrange ball next Tuesday for Belle of the North-East and Judge has to choose from 36 "belles" from district.

DID you know that all the ingredients for Princess Elizabeth's wedding cake from the Guides are already on the way to Scotland? State Commissioner in Victoria, Lady Chauvel, cabled the Princess, saying the Guides in Australia would like to give her the cake. The Princess was delighted and immediately cabled address of a firm of bakers in Glasgow, where the ingredients are to be sent.

Every guide, ranger, and brownie in Australia will be asked to give one penny, no more, to cover cost of cake, and so will have an added personal interest in the Royal wedding.

GREAT packing of Christmas food parcels by Mrs. H. J. Hampton of Bexley, for her daughter Beryl, who is now Mrs. Albert Garland, of Grays, Essex. Beryl, who went to England for her wedding last February, writes that she loves England. Latest packet of mail brings batch of wedding photos for her parents.

NEWS on the baby front. David and Madge Abbott decide on name of David for their first son, born recently at St. Luke's. Margaret Ann are names chosen by Marie and Bromley Mott for their first child, born at The Poplars, Epping.

joye

WORTH Reporting

THE first Government-sponsored training centre for nurses in England is presenting some revolutionary ideas for British nurses (writes Betty Nesbit from London).

Nurses at this centre, which is at the Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, have their own hairdressing and beauty salon and a ballroom where dances are held regularly.

While training, they have a day and a half off each week, and three free railway passes a year to travel to their homes.

During the first three months of their four years' training they attend school under the direction of a nurse-tutor. For this period they work only from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., may go out any or every night, and have no restrictions placed on the time they come in.

Matron Roberts, who is in charge of the training centre, says: "The girls are sensible enough not to stay out too late too often, because their work is tiring."

Matron Roberts, who during the war nursed many Australian soldiers in Egypt and the East, believes that it is the rigid discipline and drudgery of the usual training system which has made girls unwilling to take up nursing as a career.

"I was trained in a hard school myself," she said, "and I didn't like it much."

Each nurse has her own bedroom, and the quarters have an attractively furnished common-room and a room for the girls to entertain their friends.

Matron encourages the nurses to use make-up in moderation, and likes to see them looking as pretty as possible.

"That's something I wasn't encouraged to do when training," she said. "But I can see no reason why nurses should not make themselves as attractive as can be. No one objects to girls in any other career doing so."

IT'S a long time since we've seen a sign like the one now showing in the window of a cafe in William Street, Sydney—"Thirteen meal tickets for a pound."

Opal township

SIXTY-NINE-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Emma Deasy, of Kensington, N.S.W., has just revisited Lightning Ridge, the opal-mining town in north-west N.S.W., after 42 years. This time she went in a tourist air service, the first time in a coach.

The coaches went from Narrabri to Walgett and Mrs. Deasy, "and we went on by sulky. Five horses, which were changed every eight miles, pulled the coaches."

"When it rained on the black soil plains you couldn't get through. You can't now, either."

In the early days when I was there, there were only nine of us—five men, two women, and my two children, both under five.

"We lived in tents and slept on

Animal Antics



"We'll have to have that saw fixed. It makes an awful racket!"

stretchers made from bessian stretched on forked sticks.

The cost of a miner's right was only 2/6 a year, and we pegged out claims a couple of hundred yards from our camp.

"It was terribly hot there. There was no grass. There isn't now. Everything is stony."

"There was hardly any water; we had to put a little in a bucket and wash in that."

"I made bread in a camp oven, and in the morning when it became too hot to bear we'd go up to where the men were and take them tea in a billy, and cakes."

"Down the mine was the only cool place," Mrs. Deasy added. "It wasn't very deep, but it was cooler than being on the surface."

"You mightn't have heard of some of these terms used by opal miners. 'Noodling' was what they called sifting the dirt thrown up from the mine, and 'potch' is a clear stone. It's no good itself, but it shows that there's opal around."

The life was hard. Mrs. Deasy lost one of her children. She decided eventually to come to the city.

Now, after 42 years, she went back just for a look. She found houses, a hotel, two stores, and about 150 people. But on the whole, apart from motor transport, she didn't think it had changed much.

Royal driver

PRINCESS ELIZABETH is now an owner-driver. She has an 18 h.p. car with registration number H.R.H. 1. And the Princess herself is very often at the wheel.

Hitherto the Princess has used a black saloon car from the Royal Mews, which the King and Queen use for private engagements.

The Princess is a careful and considerate driver.

In a careful and took a course of driving at the A.T.S. training centre in the south of England, and for the first time "the hands of a daughter of the reigning sovereign were soiled with car-oil and go a r - grease," writes one of her biographers.

In South Africa she drove one of the small Daimlers back from a swim at the sea-side.

But her first ride was in a toy car, with power supplied by a battery operated by a foot pedal, which Princess Elizabeth drove round the grounds at Gloris, later parking it in the castle garage.

"Somebody better slip around and growl like a bear or we'll be stuck here all the afternoon."

World Chief Guide

LADY BADEN-POWELL, World Chief Guide, now visiting Australia, has been travelling almost continuously since the war to visit Girl Guides in as many countries of the world as possible.

Her first tour after the war included France, Belgium, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Liechtenstein (one of the smallest independent sovereign States in Europe).

In 1946 she visited Mexico, Cuba, Jamaica, Barbados, and British Guiana. From there she went to the United States of America, Canada, and Newfoundland.

"During that tour I averaged three functions a day, never spent more than four days in one place for eight months, and flew 17,000 miles," she said.

"I returned to England for a few weeks, and then hopped across to France, Holland, Switzerland, and Czechoslovakia."

Lady Baden-Powell has visited Australia twice before—in 1931, when she and the late Lord Baden-Powell visited all the States, and again in 1933 for the Jamboree.



To think it all started when I switched to RINSO.

Everyone pays homage to RINSO'S THICKER RICHER SUDS for SPEEDY washing-up



Z244 77

"A Godsend to us" . . .

bedridden nearly a year,
now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years."

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Mentholoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again."

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Mentholoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Mentholoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Mentholoids contain no drugs. Mentholoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Mentholoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Mentholoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Mentholoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Mentholoids are not simply a pain reliever. Mentholoids treat the cause of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Mentholoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Mentholoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS come from all corners of the Empire

Company Director writes:

"Before taking Mentholoids, I had been going steadily down-hill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Miserable pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Mentholoids, and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:

"I have been taking your Mentholoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Mentholoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Mentholoids to three different people who have thanked me infinitely for the good they have done them . . . "—Mrs. F.



Start a course of Mentholoids to-day

If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholoids for 6/- with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney
and your Mentholoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune comes the way of Librans, Geminians, and Aquarians now, with the emphasis on promotions, friendship, and romance.

Sagittarians benefit somewhat also, but Arians, Cancerians, and Capricornians should be cautious and avoid discord and worry.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid partings and losses this week, and be discreet and patient. Sept. 23, 24, and 25 all adverse, so keep to routine tasks.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Consolidate recent gains on Sept. 22 and 24, then live quietly. Sept. 25 (to dusk) fair, but rest of week requires caution.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Keep busy, and seek gains, friendships, and romance this week. Sept. 25 (evening), 26, and 27 all excellent.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Difficulties ahead now, so avoid arguments and worry. Sept. 23, 24, and 25 all adverse, so keep to routine tasks.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Dodge trouble this week and keep to routine tasks. Sept. 25 (date), 26, and 27 all poor, but conditions improve slightly next week.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Finalise important matters on Sept.



"I hope he is in a good mood to-day."

23 or 24 if possible, and then live quietly. Sept. 25 (to dusk) fair, but rest of week poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 22 to Oct. 22): Good days ahead, but don't let success go to your head, but avoid over-confidence. Sept. 23 and 24 poor; 25 (evening), 26 and 27 all very good.

SCORPIO (Oct. 22 to Nov. 22): Unusually good days now. Sept. 21, 22, and 23 (to dusk) all fair, 24, 25, and 26 poor. Routine tasks prove best now.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): Moderate good fortune likely now, but avoid mistakes. Sept. 26 and 27 very fair, rest of week unhelpful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): A mixed week. Work and sport Sept. 21, 22, and 24 which are favorable. Rest of week poor, so postpone new ventures or decisions.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18): Success and happiness possible now, but avoid over-confidence. Sept. 21, 22, and 23 (evening), 25, and 27 all excellent for romance, change, and legal gains.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Slight improvement in conditions now, but routine tasks prove best. Sept. 23 and 25 fair for minor matters.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

Your Coupons

TEA: 33-44.
BISCUITS: 31-32.
MEAT: Black, 21-27; green, 21.
15, 27.
CLOTHING: 1-56 current.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, set off on
the yacht Argos, owned by wealthy explorer
COLONEL BARTON: Who is searching for the
rare, flame-colored pearls. His daughter
BETTY: Is also on board. Crew members led
by unscrupulous ship's captain
BECKER: Plan to kill Barton once the pearls

are found. In the tropics a storm bursts, and
the Argos is pulled towards the rocks of an
island by a strange magnetic power. Mandrake
decides that he will investigate the
island, and with Lothar, Barton, and Betty
sets out in a rubber raft. They reach the
island safely, but Barton cries out that he
cannot move his feet. NOW READ ON:



Puzzled and enraged, the giant lashes at Mandrake with his deadly whip...

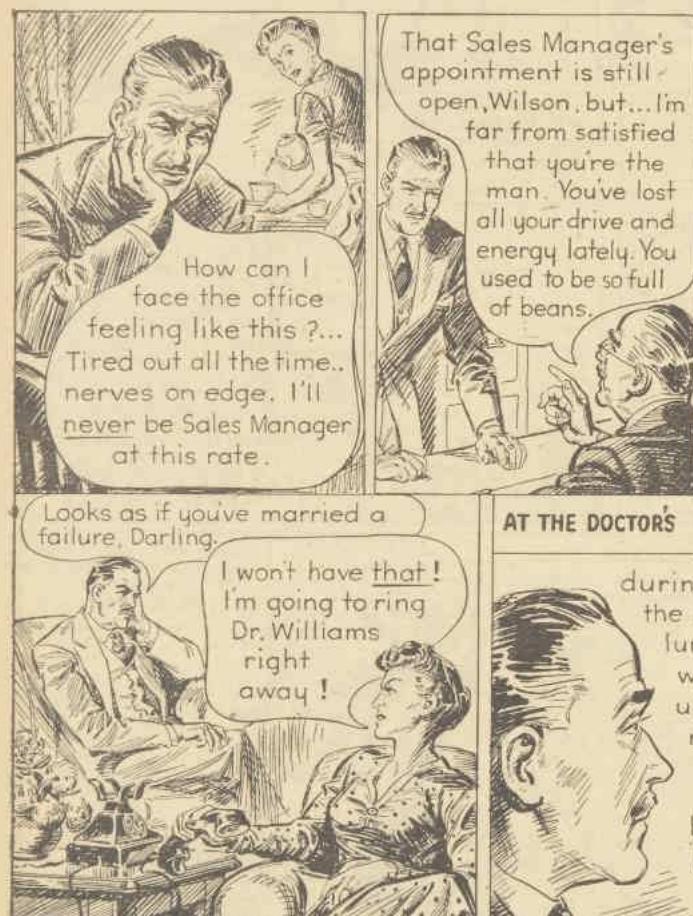
TO BE
CONTINUED

★ PELACO SHIRTS — MINE TINKIT THEY FIT — PELACO SHIRTS ★

Page 21

"At last- my Silver Fox"

"—but there was a time when I thought we'd never get much out of life . . ."



Mr. Wilson, your symptoms indicate "**NIGHT STARVATION**". You probably don't realise it, but while you sleep you must replace energy lost during the day. Even during the night your heart and lungs continue their work. Naturally, unless this energy is replaced, you're bound to wake tired... become nervy. I recommend **HORLICKS**

LATER



Each glass of **Horlicks*** before bed gives you . . .

Protein — essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place, and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities is not made good.

Fat — almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of

vitamins A and D.

Carbohydrate — chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of great value to young children.

Mineral Salts — to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

*Made with milk.

Calcium — of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.

Vitamins A B₁ B₂ and D — each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.



HORLICKS

GUARDS
AGAINST

NIGHT STARVATION

From the soap box . . .

THEY ALL HAVE A CURE



EVERY Saturday
Botanical Fan
speaker has
problems. All
and a definite
politics and to
audience has
heckling, a
of any spe
can't get in
you, you're a
speaker
"You're just
ing your
and you
time."

FOR THE WORLD'S ILLS

for many years the soap box orators have
enjoyed the most of the rights of free speech. Every
man is a ladder, a good pair of lungs,
and a good speech from health to
success. "If you
need to heckle
one
or the other,
you can
do it."

ROSEN & GOLDFINCH.
(The Sensation of the Age.)

INVITES ALL SPEAKERS IRRESPECTIVE OF
CLASS, RELIGION OR POLITICAL BELIEF TO
SPEAK FROM THIS PLATFORM EVERY
SUNDAY FROM 2 P.M. TILL 5 P.M.

A. ROSEN.

A. GOLDFINCH.
18 Stanley St, North Sydney.



"OLD BOB" at Sydney Domain claims to be leading Bible lecturer. Is a member of Waterside Workers' Federation and a Professor of Economics.

UNIVERSAL ALPHABET is put forward as a solution for international peace by Mrs. Christine Arden, from the People's Platform at the Domain.



EVANGELIST David Greatorex was converted by George Bowtell (right) who has been Apostolic Christian Mission Yarra Bank speaker for 59 years.



CHANT Arnold Payne, of Fitzroy (Vic.), is strongly anti-calls interjectors who disagree with his views "comrads."

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947



REGULAR VISITORS to Yarra Bank for 40 years, Messrs. Arthur Gilliam and Robert Mann deplore falling off in oratory.



APOSTLE OF ANARCHY, 84-year-old Mr. J. W. Fleming has shown red flag marked "Anarchy" on Yarra Bank for 50 years, predicts comeback for anarchists.

Page 24

Never Neglect minor injuries



Stick on a BAND-AID adhesive bandage...

BAND-AID — the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage, is the perfect ready made dressing for all minor injuries. Every bandage comes to you sealed in an individual envelope.

To apply a BAND-AID cleanse the wound properly, remove the crinoline from the adhesive bandage then place the gauze pad on the injury and apply the adhesive ends securely.

A BAND-AID adhesive bandage keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection, avoids irritation.

Keep a box at home — one where you work.

BAND-AID

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IN PACKETS OF 12 OR DOUBLE SIZE FAMILY PACKETS OF 24



One Weak Link

Continued from page 26

PUTTING the glass into his handkerchief and stuffing it into his pocket, Parker observed, "Anyway, it's not so important. Let's get back to the station. The doctor's report should be ready by now, and we'll see what Jeffries has been able to do about the inquest."

Parker found the doctor's report on his desk when he and Collins entered the station, and bidding "Good morning" to another constable busily typing at his table, sat down to read it through.

"Not much here," he observed, as he finished reading, and laid down the report. "Thompson received multiple injuries, each in itself capable of causing instant death, all of which we knew."

He passed the document over to Collins, and when the constable had scanned through it, he handed it back and said, "Will you be needing me for a while, sir? If you aren't, I thought I'd go and check on the Thompson-Mrs. Grant angle."

"Good idea," replied the sergeant, and Collins left the station.

After he had gone, Parker sat for a long time in thought, toying with the scraps of glass he had deposited on the desk before him. For all his apparent stolidity, Parker was not an unimaginative man, and after what Collins had told him regarding Thompson's affairs with Mrs. Grant, which he was quite willing to believe, Grant's attitude puzzled him.

Presently he lit his pipe, and as he shook out the match the germ of an idea, which caused him to hold the blackened stem suspended, entered his head. "It could be!" he breathed. "Incredible as it seems!"

"Be good, sir!" came from the constable at the typewriter.

"The lack of glass, Mrs. Grant, and he wouldn't have it. It'd run downhill . . . Nothing, Jeffries, nothing." He waved aside the constable at the typewriter.

stable's inquiry. "Get me the local garage on the phone. Go on, man, hurry," as the constable continued to sit and watch the sergeant's excitement.

Jeffries rose, and stammering an apology, dialled the number requested.

Parker took the phone when the man answered. "Hello," he said, "Sergeant Parker here. Send over a mechanic, and have him bring some tools. No, an hour won't do; this is official business. I want him right away. Yes, I'll be waiting. Right. Good-bye."

He hung up. Then he left the room, and went out into the yard at the back of the station, and stood gazing at the remains of Thompson's car, until Jeffries ushered a young man in grease-stained overalls out to him.

Indicating the wreck, the sergeant gave the mechanic his instructions, with the result that he departed again, to return in fifteen minutes through the wide gates at the end of the yard, in a vehicle equipped with a towing crane. Backing up to the smashed car, he soon had the rear swinging high from the ground, and crawled underneath.

While Parker directed an unfaltering stream of questions at him, he worked for an hour, and then crawled out, to continue the job under the eyes of the sergeant.

At length, the man stood up, and the report he made caused the sergeant's eyebrows to lift, and a look of grim satisfaction to come into his eyes.

"Want me to put it back, sir?" the man asked.

"No, leave it here. Better still, carry it inside. No, don't put the

top back, either. I'll be needing it just as it is. And I may want you to testify to the condition of this later on, but in the meantime, not a word of this to anyone, not even your boss. Better tell him I just wanted it moved."

Parker walked inside, and sat fingering the fragment of red glass until he heard Collins pull up outside. Grabbing his cap, he hurried out to meet the constable, who immediately sensed that something had occurred to disturb his superior's usual calmness, and began, "What's happened, sir? Found . . .

"Not now, Collins," Parker interrupted. "We're going straight up to Grant's place. I'll tell you on the way, but first, what did you get on that other matter?"

"Well, sir," Collins began. "I've checked that from several sources, and everything I've heard seems to substantiate what I told you earlier."

"Good," said Parker. "That's about all I needed to hear." He got into the car beside the constable and began talking rapidly as they drove towards Grant's house.

As they eventually swung around the circular drive in front of the house, their eyes fell on the convertible parked outside. "Well, he's here, sir. There's his car," Collins said.

Grant opened the door himself in answer to Parker's imperious ring, and looked in surprise at the grim visages of the two policemen. Nevertheless, he said pleasantly, "Ah, good afternoon, Sergeant Afternoon, Collins. Come inside. I've just had lunch. Got some news of the inquest?" he questioned as he followed them along the hall.

"In here, Sergeant." He threw open the door of a luxuriously appointed library, and Parker found himself wondering why one man could be so foolish as to risk losing all this just to get even with another. "Sit down," Grant continued in affable tones, waving them to armchairs. Then he felt the tiny twinge of fear again as he registered the stiff refusal.

"Mr. Grant," Parker began. "I have good reason to believe that the account you gave me of the manner in which Jefferson Thompson met his death last night was incorrect and calculated to create an entirely wrong impression."

Grant felt the twinge increase to a hollow emptiness, and real fear began to grip him. Parker thought, for his part, better go easy at first; if it did happen I was wrong, he'd make things decidedly unpleasant.

Grant wished his stomach would stop vibrating, but said in tones into which anger crept, "What do you mean by that? Are you insinuating that I told you a pack of lies? Be careful, Sergeant. I'm not without influence in this town."

Parker made up his mind to throw discretion to the wind and went on, "I have every reason to believe that Thompson did not meet with his death accidentally, but was sent over the cliff by another person and that he was probably dead or helpless before the car crashed through the fence."

He saw that Grant paled as he spoke and that the fingers which lit a cigarette were shaking, and he followed up his advantage. "What is more, I believe that you were that other person."

Grant steadied himself with an effort, said sneeringly, "And what has been responsible for this brilliant reasoning, may I ask?" and then realised he'd said the wrong thing. It would have been better to try to placate the fellow and not get upset. Might clear it up that way. These blundering fools couldn't have any concrete proof against him—they couldn't have.

But how could he think clearly with that cursed nerve quivering at his temple? Why didn't it stop? He put up a hand to smooth his hair and pressed hard against the spot.

"Just this, Grant," he heard the sergeant saying. "You see, I learnt of your wife's association with the dead man." He saw Grant flinch.

"I began to wonder why you were so concerned about his death and why you were so keen to impress on me your great friendship for him. And another thing—why drive ten miles into town to tell me personally when you were only one mile from here and your telephone? Then I wondered why there wasn't much glass about where he went through, until I realised that he didn't drive through as you described, but went through back-wards."

"You see, I found a small piece of red glass out of his tail-light up there, and that wouldn't have broken until the car hit the rocks below in the normal course of events. Plus the fact that there's not so much glass in the back of a car to break—just one small window. That accounted for the lack of it."

Grant put a hand out to the table to steady himself as he heard the sergeant finish, and felt his face drain of color.

HAZEL



"Then I knew that you waylaid him on the road and killed him," Parker began again, when Grant made a desperate effort to regain his composure and interrupted him.

"Now, look here, Parker, I've tried to assist you in every way possible in this business, and I can't understand you having the audacity to come in here with such a ridiculous story . . ."

"Ridiculous enough to convict you, Grant," Parker snapped.

Grant ignored this, and went on. "And where you got the idea that my wife had anything to do with Thompson is beyond me. The idea is preposterous, and I'm surprised that you should pay any attention to local gossip-mongers, from whom it obviously has its origin."

He laughed shakily, and went on. "Of course, if all this is your idea of a joke . . ."

"It's no joke, Grant. I assure you," Parker said in level tones.

"Then, get out of this house," Grant flared, as the nerve in his face thudded and jumped, hammering dread deeper into his soul. "Get out, and take your poppy-cock story with you. You poor idiot, do you think for one moment that your crazy tale about a few chips of glass would hold water in any court of law? You're mad, and I'll see you out of the forces before you've got time to regret your groundless accusations."

Parker stood watching him and out of the corner of his eye saw Collins move to the door, as they both noted Grant's clenched fists and great intakes of breath, and realised he was near breaking point.

"We're going, Grant," Parker replied, "and you're coming with us. You see, there was one other thing that convinced me beyond a shadow of a doubt that you were lying. You spoke of Thompson driving straight ahead through the fence, so this morning I had the gear-box of the car opened up to check on it. Fortunately, it was quite intact and undamaged, and we found the gear in REVERSE. You evidently had to back the car to get it into position to go over the cliff."

The pulsating nerve became a roaring, pounding drum, and from far away Grant heard Parker saying, "Get your coat on, Grant."

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Two generations have worn this fluffy Baby Shawl . . .

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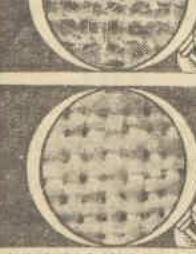


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★ THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

Issued by The Australian Wool Board

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

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WOOL

Page 28

Continuing . . . Alien Home

from page 5

her critically, and finally said he thought it might turn out to have been worth while, but only if there were no more sudden squalls like the last one!

Then Christopher woke up, took one horrified look at his bright blue bedroom and began to howl, and they ran in together to fetch him down. After that, life seemed suddenly normal again, and when the young couple from the top floor came down to ask if they were going to the special Welcome Dance which NAAFI were giving for the wives, Brenda said of course they were, and Liesa would stay and look after Christopher.

"You're lucky to have someone young," the corporal's wife, whose name was Fay, said disconsolately. "Mine's about a hundred and she doesn't speak one word of English. I don't know how I shall manage."

"You'll manage a treat," the corporal said, grinning, "seeing you never had anybody at all before. Mrs. La-di-da, that's what you'll be and you'll love it."

Brenda enjoyed the dance. It was fun to have everyone behaving as if she had done something wonderful instead of having done the one thing in the world she most wanted to do, which was to join David.

It was lovely to walk home through the quiet streets, with the moonlight making tree-patterns on the pavement and listen to David telling her she had been the prettiest girl at the party.

They were laughing together as they went into the house, and it gave Brenda a small shock to see Liesa in an armchair in the sitting-room, reading an English newspaper.

Liesa jumped up. "Now some coffee!"

"I'll make it myself, Liesa," Brenda said, "you'd better go—go home. It's getting rather late."

"To-day night," Liesa began, and

then corrected herself. "To-night I must here sleep. It's too late."

"Curfew," David explained briefly, "she can't run around after curfew or she'll get into trouble."

"But where will you sleep?" Brenda asked, hating the feeling that she was being left out of her own domestic arrangements, and hating herself for feeling like that. "There is a room," Liesa said, "near the kitchen. For in the summer sleeping. It is arranged."

"Oh," Brenda said inadequately.

"You'll get used to it," David said, when she had gone. "They're very efficient, you know, and I'm sure Liesa only wants to please you."

"I know," Brenda said, "but I do find her very managing, and it's all so strange. I don't think I'll ever get used to it."

"Give yourself time," David advised, "you haven't been here twenty-four hours yet."

It was certainly nice to come down the next morning and find the breakfast ready, and Liesa, clean and bright, ready to wait on them, and it was nice to go into the kitchen after David was gone, and see Frau Zorn efficiently clattering pans about on the big, shining stove. It was less nice to see Liesa seize a painted jug from her hands and climb up to stow it away on a top shelf.

There was a brisk passage in German between them, and then Liesa turned with a smile to Brenda and said: "I say her that is very good cup."

"Jug," Brenda corrected her mechanically.

"Please, Jug. And I say her not to use it."

"I see," Brenda said, feeling defeated.

There was no point in staying in the kitchen, since she and Frau Zorn could only communicate to

each other by smiles and signs, so Brenda, feeling both lonely and useless, put Christopher into his pram and then went upstairs to ask Fay to come for a walk with her. Fay, however, was still in bed, smoking and reading a magazine.

"Hello," she greeted, "this is the life, isn't it? But I wish I hadn't had so much to drink last night. My head's splitting."

"Get up and come for a walk," Brenda invited.

"No, thanks. There's a dance at the Y.M.C.A. to-night for us wives, and I don't want to be all tired out for that. You going?"

"I don't know. David might have to work late."

"Not all jam, when you get your sergeant's stripe, is it? Not that I wouldn't like my Ted to get his. We'd have got a better place to live, I bet, if he'd been a sergeant."

"But you've got the same as we have," Brenda pointed out.

"And who taught you to speak English?" Brenda asked, waiting to be told that it had been David.

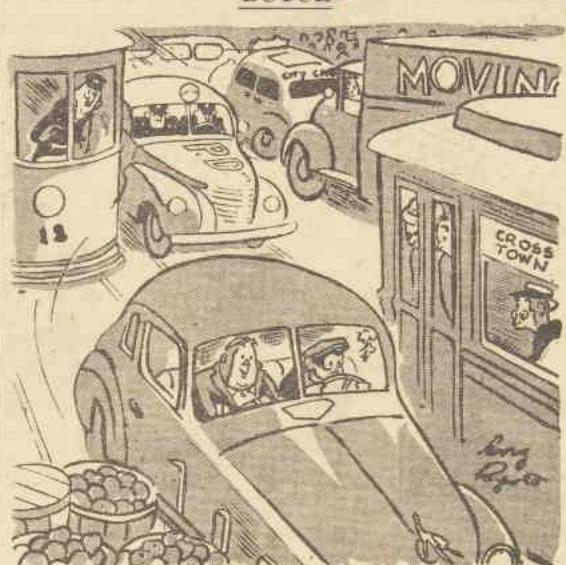
"At school I learn," Liesa said. After a tiny pause she added: "When we know that it does not go well for us with the war, we know then that the English will soon come, so we all learn quickly to speak your language."

There didn't seem anything to say to this naive confession, so Brenda said: "I see," and went on her way, pushing the pram before her as if it had been a small mobile gun.

The days passed, one very like another, and Brenda slowly began to get used to having nowhere to shop except the NAAFI shop, and listening to nothing but Army talk, to Fay coming trailing down in a dressing-gown to complain that a corporal's wife couldn't go to the Officers' Club, and that she wanted a new hat and couldn't buy one.

She very nearly got used to Liesa, smiling and friendly and as stubborn as a mule, firmly running the house as nearly as possible as her own mother had run it.

BUTCH



"But you've got the best part of the house, though. Well, I suppose it's only natural, your David coming here so much before you came out. Always in the house, they say he was. Only being married and being a sergeant, I dare say he didn't go as far as some. But that Liesa's pretty in a German kind of way, isn't she?"

Brenda felt the fingers of her right hand twitch and realised with horror that she was longing to give Fay a smart slap across her face. Instead she said coldly: "I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't suppose you do, either. It'd do you more good to get up and go for a walk instead of lying there letting your tongue say just what it likes."

"Well! What did I say?" Fay's outraged voice pursued her down the stairs. It didn't make things any better to find, when she got to the door, that Liesa had taken Christopher out of his pram, and was proudly showing him off to an acquaintance in the adjoining garden.

Liesa! Brenda voice had a bar-rack-square ring to it. "Put the baby back in his pram at once!"

Liesa skipped across the grass with alacrity and deposited a chuckling and delighted Christopher in his pram. She buckled the strap and straightened up the pram with quick fingers.

"Bitte schon!" she said, stepping back, smiling.

"All right," Brenda said, "now I'm going for a walk."

Liesa opened the gate for her and waved her good-bye with a friendly smile. On an impulse Brenda turned back and asked her how old she was.

"Soon eighteen," Liesa said,

LIESA came by from the kitchen, while Frau Zorn, alarmed, peered round the door.

"Why did you move the chairs?" Brenda demanded.

"I make the room tidy," Liesa said, looking a little uncertain before the real anger in Brenda's face, "not nice all untidy."

"Well, will you please leave things alone?" Brenda said: "I have to live here and I want things to be as I like them. Whose house is this anyway, yours or mine?"

The moment she had said the last words she stopped dead, flushing. Liesa had gone very white, and then the tears began to pour down her face. She stood there, not putting up her hand to wipe them away, crying soundlessly, and Brenda gave a little sob and said: "Oh, now I hate all this! I wish I was at home!"

Into this scene of unrelieved gloom David came whistling cheerfully.

"What on earth . . ." he began, and then went and picked up the howling Christopher and handed him to Brenda.

"If you can stop him roaring like a sergeant-major for a start, perhaps I can hear what's been going on here," he said.

Brenda and Liesa, united in misery, told him in a hiccuping chorus, and David took a firm hold of the situation. "You want to go on working for us, I suppose, Liesa?" She nodded violently, sniffing, and Brenda passed her a handkerchief.

"Very well," David went on, "you must realise that for as long as we are here, this is our home and not yours, and everything in it must be as my wife wants it, not as you want it. We understand," he fixed Brenda with a firm look, and she nodded in her turn, "we quite understand your feelings, and we will make every allowance for them, but there are to be no more scenes like this, or I shall have you moved to another place to work. It is not necessary for me . . ."

What it was not necessary for David to do or say was never known, because at that moment Fay drifted in, without knocking and took in the scene with practised and delighted eyes.

"Well!" Fay said, "excuse me, I'm sure I have come at the wrong time. But I must say I've been expecting it." She drifted out again, and David, astounded, said: "What on earth did she mean by that?"

"I don't know," Brenda said. "Never mind, anyway. Let's have tea quickly, please, Liesa."

"Yes. Please," said a restored Liesa. She darted in front of Brenda and dragged a chair out of its place and up to the stove.

"More warm," she explained and vanished into the kitchen.

"I'm sorry, darling," Brenda said. "It was . . . a lot of little things I thought."

David smiled at her over the pipe he was filling and said between puffs: "It's all right, darling, but if we've got to live here, we've got to put up with a few things, you know."

"Yes. David . . . did you know Liesa very well before I came out?"

"No," David said, puffing. "Knew the family, though. Matter of fact I never saw Liesa until the day before I went to meet you at Cuttaville. She got stuck with an aunt in the American Zone, and it took them a bit of time to get a permit for her to come home. Why?"

"Oh . . . nothing," Brenda said.

The fat china stove gave out a lovely gentle warmth, and Christopher gurgled happily in his big chair with her. David reached out and switched on the radio.

"It's nice," Brenda said, "to be home, isn't it?"

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The Right Word

Continued from page 7

PRESENTLY a shadow fell across his warm bare legs. "Nice lot of wood you got chopped there," his father said in a voice of ominous quiet. "Ought to be pretty proud of yourself, a big boy like you, lolloping in the sun like a lazy tramp while your mother waits for wood and works to feed you."

He could feel his blood rush into his face as he got to his feet; feel a hideous choking lump come into his throat. A lazy tramp. He picked up the axe and began to chop blindly. He had been going to make them rich and his father had called him a lazy tramp.

But he couldn't tell his father that because he didn't even seem to like his father any more. He went on chopping, winking back his tears, as his father walked away with the wood beneath his arm, placing a distance between them.

That was many years ago, but he could still remember, and he probably always would. That day his father had said too much, too hard. And no matter how they tried, neither he nor his father had ever managed to shorten that unspoken distance between them. But if his father had come back that day, if he had said just one right word—

Kids, he thought. Queer little packages. Never really knew what they had inside them.

The train pulled into the station and Larry walked slowly through the crowds to the telephone booths outside the barriers. He stood there tremulously for a moment. I hate my father. Just a child's talk, of course, but all the same—

It would have been a different matter altogether if John had been the one to say a thing like that, John howling his hurts right out of his system and forgot them. But not Eileen. More times than not, she fought back tears. He could see himself, worse luck in Eileen; and while he knew he loved both children equally and could never have chosen between them, he also knew that Eileen made pulp of his heart as John never did.

His hand went into his trousers

pocket and he drew out a handful of change. The thing to do was to ring her up, talk to her. He jingled the coins in the palm of his hand. Easy enough to say "talk to her," but what would he say? What could you say to an eight-year-old that would make her understand?

Perhaps he could just say he was sorry and let it go at that. But merely saying he was sorry wouldn't be enough. Empty, just saying you were sorry. Something special was what he needed. But what? His eyes strayed nervously to the station clock. If he telephoned at all, he'd have to be quick about it. Perhaps he could wait till to-night, take her home.

But if his father had come back that day—

Perhaps if he talked to May, let her fix it for him; but no, that wouldn't do either. It was Eileen he had to talk to and he knew it.

Whoever heard of such a thing? he thought desperately. Here he was in an absolute sweat over talking to his own child! He studied the handful of change and his face suddenly brightened. He had it! The very thing. He knew what he could tell her. All he had to say was that he'd met a man in the train who had once seen nuthatches when he was away travelling.

She'd know by that that he'd been thinking of her, that he hadn't forgotten. Relieved and relaxed, he dialled his number. May answered. "Look," he said, "get Eileen to the phone, will you?"

"Eileen?" May repeated blankly. Then after a moment her voice warmed and lowered and she drew him over into their world, the children's, and hers. "Darling," she said, "I'm glad you rang. Just wait a moment, will you?"

I met a man in the train—Yes that would do it.

"Hello," Eileen said.

But when he heard her voice, small and reluctant, unsteady still with tears, he forgot about the nut-hatch and the right words came.

"Eileen," he said, "it's your Daddy speaking."

I met a man in the train—Yes that would do it.

"All right," Brenda said, "now I'm going for a walk."

Liesa opened the gate for her and waved her good-bye with a friendly smile. On an impulse Brenda turned back and asked her how old she was.

"Soon eighteen," Liesa said,

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914



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No. 2: Requires 1 1/4 yds. 36in. wide.
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F4851



F4852



F4853



F4850.—Spring-into-summer suit has an all-round pleated skirt and trim neck jacket. A smart "nine to five" suit for linen, equally good in rayon. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4851.—Softly styled for plain or print. The dress has plenty of spring fashion features: graceful side drapes, plunging neckline, and moulded bodice. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4852.—Glamorous trouserless nightgown and matching jacket; both are lace-trimmed. The moulded body-line falls gracefully into a flowing skirt. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1 1/2 yds. 36in. lace for nightgown and bedjacket. Pattern, 2/8.

F4853.—A smartly styled sunsuit has a matching button-on skirt. The suit (ideal for sunbathing) has a becoming square neckline in front and a deep-cut V at the back. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 36in. material for sunsuit and 2 yds. 36in. material for skirt. Pattern, 2/8.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

• Amid the romantic fuss and flurry of becoming engaged some girls forget that they must share the everyday lives of their future husbands.

They realise suddenly that they are not fitted by temperament or training to fill the role expected of them.

THE next step is to think seriously of the wisdom of allowing the engagement to continue.

Here is a letter from a girl who has just realised that the danger of her fiance's calling may mar her happiness as a wife.

My fiance makes his living at rodeos and bush carnivals, often riding unbroken horses. When he is away I am always anxious because he might be hurt or even killed. Do you think I have the right to ask him to give up this risky business and to settle down in a steady job?

It might be argued that as his future wife you have the right to ask him to give up such dangerous work. On the other hand, the work he does now is probably the sort of work he likes doing. If he were to take up something else, there is the question of whether he would be happy.

The truth is, in all marriages, it is the wife's job to fit into the pattern of her husband's life—not his to alter his established way of making a livelihood to meet her demands.

If you feel you will always be distressed and worried when your fiance is away at a rodeo, it is only fair to discuss the matter fully with him now rather than marry him with this doubt in your mind.

Be frank about it, and you may find that he understands your fears and is willing to find some other

sort of work that won't cause you so much anxiety.

BEFORE she goes away, I want to give a friend an afternoon tea party in town. Is it right for those invited to pay their share of the bill? Would you tell me what I am expected to do when the ladies arrive?

It would be quite wrong for you to invite people and then ask them to pay for themselves. If you like to organise a tea party on that understanding, it is an entirely different matter. As either hostess or organiser, it will be your place to be there with the guest of honor when her friends arrive. You will be expected to make any necessary introductions, and generally see that things go off without any hitch.

DO you think a bride could wear a white evening dress with a veil, and is it necessary to have toasts when the reception is completely informal?

If the dress is not decollete and is in other ways suitable, there is no reason why it should not be worn as a wedding gown. It is not necessary to have toasts at any reception, but it seems a pity not to give the guests the opportunity to toast the bride and bridegroom. This toast is usually proposed by an old family friend and responded to by the bridegroom.

WHEN dining out, is it correct to begin a course as soon as you are served or wait until the hostess begins?

Never begin without being asked to do so by your hostess. A great many hostesses like the food to be eaten while it is really hot, and always ask their guests to begin at once. It is considered bad form not to do so when asked.

IN what manner are the parents of the prospective bridegroom invited to the wedding? Also, is it usual to invite the clergyman to preside at the reception? My daughter suggests that she and her fiance might invite him verbally when they make arrangements about the church.

Formal invitations are usually sent to those most closely connected with a wedding, even though their acceptance and presence are mutually understood. It is the custom to invite the officiating clergyman to the reception as an honored guest. He does not actually preside, as the mother of the bride is the hostess, and all present are her guests. As well as inviting him verbally, an invitation should be sent.

AT a reception following a wedding, when the guests are served from a central buffet, should the bride and groom have a special table?

Sometimes when a sit-down breakfast is given, the bridal party is seated at a small, separate table. But in the case of a buffet, no special arrangements are made for the bridal party.

When the bridal party is seated, it should be in this order: The bride's father on the left of the bride, and on his left the bridegroom's mother. The mother of the bride is seated on the right of the bridegroom, and on her right

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9. She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

the bridegroom's father. Bridesmaids, groomsmen, and the clergyman who has performed the ceremony occupy the other important seats.

BY making a fool of myself I have lost my girl. I've apologised, but don't feel that she regards me the way she did before I don't want to lose her, but if she won't have me back I want her at least to accept my apology. Can you help me?

Help yourself by showing on all future occasions that it wasn't the real you who behaved so foolishly that time. My guess is that you not only made a fool of yourself, but of your girl, too. You'll have to do some convincing talking to prove that you don't go round doing that sort of thing as a general rule. To begin with, why not a sincere letter to the girl, asking for another chance?

AS the mother of two daughters I am always trying to impress on them the importance of good manners. I tell them to say 'Thank you,' not just 'thanks,' and to say the name of the person they are addressing. I have been told I am too formal and that 'thanks' is quite enough. I still like the sound of 'Thank you, Mrs. So-and-So.' What do you think?

I agree with you that when speaking to an older person, 'Thank you, Mrs. So-and-So' sounds very much nicer.

A WIDOW with small children, I am still young enough to think of marriage, and have had two proposals. One is from an old family friend, a man of excellent character, considerably older than I am. The other is from a man of my own age, whose character I consider inferior to that of my other suitor. I am sure both are genuinely fond of the children, but they prefer the older man. Which one should I accept?

The questions you must ask yourself are, who will give you the happiest home, provide your children with the greatest love and guidance as a stepfather, and yourself with the deepest and most lasting devotion? When you have found the answer to these questions you will have found the man you should marry. My guess is that he will be the older of your suitors.

MOTHER does not approve of a boy I care about very deeply, and is always trying to make me go out with ones she considers eligible, and I don't like at all. Should I go out with them just to please her?

My advice to all daughters—and sons, too—is to try to please their parents as much as possible. In your own case, going out with the boys of your mother's choice, and being a pleasant companion, need not weaken your affection for the young man of your heart. If you find it does, then you aren't as attached to him as you thought.

Step by step you are led to needless tooth extractions



THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

CALLED

S.R.



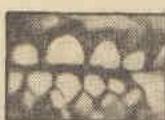
It's easy—it's pleasant—right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore, soft and spongy. Gum Rot sets in and almost before you know it, a sound tooth must be extracted. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, makes loose teeth firm, often after only a few days. Get a tube of S.R. right away!

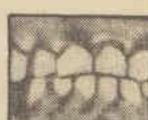
S.R. TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE—WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHCEA).

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS
(taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette)
show how Sodium Ricinoleate improves teeth and gums



1. Condition before treatment.



2. 14 days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.

"We'll be at the party
after all . . .

my headache has
lifted MARVELLOUSLY!



"That shocking
headache again—
We simply
can't go—"



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And 'ZANS' is the only APC in Australia sold in santiape—packed for protection, sealed for safety. Obtainable at all chemists and stores at 3d. (3 doses) and 1/- (12 doses).

(Here's an after the party story too!)

"Next morning" 'Zans' is a wonderful help. You can do nothing better—or more effective—than take two 'Zans' tablets with about half a teaspoonful of bi-carbonate of soda mixed in a little water. You'll feel steadied, soothed, and quickly free from that headiness and depression. 'Zans' definitely gives a "lift"—try it!



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There are no wolves (two-legged) in Moscow



BATHERS ALONG THE BEACH of a Black Sea resort in Russia. Writer of the article on this page found that "cute" American swimsuits looked most conspicuous in Russia.



RUSSIAN MEN watching a football match in Moscow. They rarely flirt with strangers, dance with energetic enthusiasm, are suspicious of foreigners.

American girl's lively comments on Soviet men after her years in Russia

By ELIZABETH EAGAN

Who edited "Amerika," a wartime magazine in Russian, for the U.S. Office of War Information in Moscow.

Before going to Moscow I had a double-image idea of what Russian men looked like—the same idea, I imagine, that a lot of other girls still cherish.

My Russian man was a brawny, muscled, six-foot Adonis of iron, with arms forever stretched challengingly before him, clutching a sickle (or was it a hammer?).

YET at the same time, muffled somehow in the background, was the vision of a tall, handsome, dark-haired Czarist prince, with booted legs, military jacket, and lots of gold braid.

To-day, my double-image dreams have vanished. I have seen plenty of Russian men. I have talked with them, learned to know them, gone to parties with them, even had "romances" with them. And for the benefit of other girls, I would like to report that the romantic vision of Soviet supermen is plain bunk.

I have seen plenty of Russian men, but few of them measured six feet—or even close to that. Of those in overalls, few looked very exalted, and the only sickles I saw were in the hands of women. Most of the men were in uniform when I arrived, but only fat generals' jackets fitted snugly.

I recall a Monday morning when the Metro cars were packed, so instead of finding a seat I hung on to a strap.

Now, aside from the merit of spotlessness, the Metro has one virtue that you don't find in crowded American transportation systems. There are no wolves of the two-legged variety in Moscow. The prettiest girl in the entire city can ride the subway, and no matter how much she is shoved and manhandled she knows it was an impersonal shove, an accidental maul.

On this Monday morning I became aware that someone was staring at me with greater intensity than the normal staring-at-foreigners. This man was actually flirting! I was more surprised than flattered when a second glance revealed that he was a passably handsome, black-eyed Red Army major.

I was surprised, first, because there aren't many passably handsome males to be found in the Soviet Union. Second, because Red Army majors should know their political

flatfooted—guilty without question of being friendly with a foreigner! And especially with a foreigner from that never-never land—America!

Now that I am back in New York, I keep recalling that inconsequential adventure. I keep reminding myself that, as a citizen of the capitolistic United States, I can do pretty much as I please, when and where I please, and talk with whom I choose. Those are freedoms that life in the Soviet Union taught me to appreciate more than I had ever appreciated them before.

I arrived in Moscow on D-Day—June 6, 1944—with a strong, positive faith in our ally, a classless nation of vigorous and diverse peoples who were fighting their way back a rosa the devastated Ukraine. I returned home with a simmering disapproval of the caste system, the police spying, and the hatred of foreigners in the Soviet State.

In those two and a half years, I made many friends in Russia. I learned things about Russians that may have escaped newspaper correspondents.

I am not anti-Russian. I am anti-misinformation, because I believe that our lives depend on getting along with the Soviet Government. And when I say "our lives" I include the Russians.

catechism, which damns all foreigners.

In to-day's Russia, no man, woman or child who fears the midnight knock of the secret police dares have much to do with a foreigner.

I forced my way through the crowded car to the handrail and got a good grip on it, along with a dozen other impersonal hands. In a moment my hand was "accidentally" covered by the major's.

His glances might have been meaningless; this certainly wasn't. I moved my hand. So did he. I glanced sideways. He was looking at me almost with a smile.

I guessed that he took me for a Russian hussy. It

was very raw, autumn weather, and I was wearing a Russian scarf and an old raincoat. He couldn't see my shoes, standard office wear for Americans, but a dead giveaway because Russian women's wartime footwear was in sad condition.

When I got off at my station, the major followed me through the crowd and across the square to the little street where I lived in the Finnish Legation, which was then rented to the Americans and guarded by two State policemen.

As I neared my house, the major followed me at my elbow. I turned to him with a smile and an unlit cigarette. "May I take a light?" I said in Russian. He broke into a self-satisfied grin, lit my cigarette, took my elbow, and tried to lead his conquest down the street.

But I crossed the street, said good-morning to the staring guards, and tossed a farewell to the Russian major.

I have yet to see a more shocked and startled face than his as he realised he had almost been caught

As Moscow editor of "Amerika" published in Russian, I did my official best to tell the Russians about the United States.

As the first American woman sent

to work in the Moscow Embassy, I had unique unofficial opportunities

to demonstrate what Americans are like and how we live.

Now, and also quite unofficially, I

want to put down in detail some

of the interesting, exciting, exasperating facts about Russia that one

does not find emphasised in the

newspapers.

I left New York for Russia in April,

1944, by Army Transport Corps

plane, bucketseat by day and ridged

metal floor at night. I am a

moderately friendly soul, not a

helpless female, but I have seldom

felt more friendless or helpless than

on my three-stop flight from Teheran to Moscow.

Accustomed to the easy comradeship of the ATC boys, I smiled and spoke to my Russian pilot as we disembarked at Baku for breakfast. He looked right past me, never so much as flicking an eyelash.

I was to be British about it, somewhat taken aback.

At Astrakhan, our second stop, a husky Red Army girl traffic cop flagged us in from the landing strip. Ignoring the unresponsive male fliers, I approached her with what I hoped was a cheery greeting. I might have spoken to a flaxen-haired automation. She literally didn't see me, though I stood an arm's length off.

I was met at the Moscow airport by two American male friends. Because they knew the Russians would be shocked by my slacks, they spirited me off to the Embassy, where they made me change into a wrinkled, unpressed suit before they would take me to my hotel.

So, before actually settling down in Moscow, I had had two lessons in how to live with the Russians.

The first, of course, was that foreigners, even Allies, weren't accepted as friends. The second was that ladies—in the Russian caste sense—do not wear pants. I had yet to learn just how rigid the class rules in Russia are, and how very difficult it is to make friends.

But I began to learn—and learn quickly. Perhaps my illusions about Russian men were naïve. For one thing, I had expected them to be tall.

When I arrived in Moscow, almost all the men in the street were in uniform—Red Army, Navy, and Air Force. But they were all short—far too short for me, with my five-feet-eight. Yet I found them quite exciting.

As I walked through the streets I stared at them with interest. And they stared back, but without a glimmer, not even a gleam of flirtation, on their grim visages. Any American girl knows how to look at a man on the street, so that it is understood at once just what attitude she wishes to convey.

But I missed all that in Moscow. After a few attempts I gave up ex-

pecting Russian men to notice me and talk with their eyes, and soon I was glowering right back into their square, dark, c'rr faces.

Generally speaking, there are three classes—Soviet classes—of women in Moscow. They can be distinguished at a glance by their clothes.

Silver fox is the badge of the high official's or general's wife, or the successful actress.

The secretaries and students, the white-collar women, favor mannish suits and silk prints. The working girls, unskilled and semi-skilled laborers at the bottom of the income scale (at best, about 500 roubles a month), wear square-cut, peasant linen or cotton dresses with a turnover collar and cross-stitch embroidery.

Despite all one hears about "free love and promiscuity" in Russia, I never knew a Russian who took marriage or divorce lightly. Quite the contrary, and for a very simple reason.

We in America think we have a housing problem. But we can't hold a candle to the Muscovites whose housing shortage has had a discouraging effect on marriage. There is no such thing as an empty apartment in Moscow. Every square foot of space is assigned to someone, though it is possible to "buy" a room illegally—and pay through the nose for it.

Marriage almost always means doubling up in the home of which ever partner is less crowded. Often newlyweds move into a single room with parents, a brother or sister, or even another young couple.

Whole families groan in unison when the bride announces she is going to have a baby. But the baby, on arrival, is not only adored, but absorbed—somehow.

One might think that such crowded conditions would not only discourage marriage, but make for divorce. They don't.

One can divorce a man—though the process is expensive and long-drawn-out—but one can't get him out of the house.

For instance, Tatiana goes home from the courthouse, released at last from the brute, but there he sits in his regular chair, reading the "Evening Moscow."

"Hey, we're divorced!" she cries.

"Yeah? So what? Where do you think I'm going to live? Under a tree in the Park of Culture and Rest?"

Continued on page 37

Page 35

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947

On Sale Every Month — Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/- — Complete Stories by World's Foremost Thriller Writers.



P.S.—If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.

Lift that dreary mask of
"IRREGULARITY"
this gentle, NATURAL way

*Your health depends on what you eat . . .
 Kellogg's All-Bran will stimulate and maintain
 daily regularity . . . no medicines needed!*

WHAT IT IS . . .

First and most important — Kellogg's All-Bran is a *food*. Constipation starts with your food, so it is only natural that a food must be the right thing to correct and end constipation.

Today's modern foods often lack bulk. Over-cooking . . . too many mushy foods . . . these keep that essential bulk out of your diet. And your system needs bulk every day. otherwise — constipation!

Start tomorrow morning. Eat two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran as a breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Do this regularly every morning and within a week you should be regular again. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.

WHAT IT DOES . . .

Kellogg's All-Bran relieves constipation because it supplies this natural bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

*Not a Purgative —
 but a Gentle acting regulative
 food!*



Ask for

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN *

* Registered Trade Mark

Cosmetics can't hide constipation!

NO! Cosmetics can't cover up constipation forever! You must get at the cause. Start with those two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Be regular—the natural, gentle way.

Of course, if Tatiana marries again, she can bring her new husband in to protect her against the insults of her ex-spouse. And if he remarries, he can bring his bride home, too. So . . . as an apparent result, marriages are pretty well stabilised in Moscow.

Before the war, of course, one could get a divorce for a post-card. And one could have an abortion simply by applying for it and agreeing to pay 10 per cent. of one month's salary.

To-day a divorce costs 2000 roubles, and an abortion—an illicit abortion—costs up to 10,000. Naturally, at these prices, there are few abortions and the birthrate is rising.

Of course, more births make for even more crowded rooms, but then only really crowded quarters were livably warm in the wartime winter. No matter how tightly squeezed they are, most Russians shun the outdoors in cold weather.

In summer they flock to the parks, the river beaches, the outlying villages. Only men and wives with husbands can, with propriety, go to restaurants, but everybody can go picnicking and swimming, and go together.

In the "all together," too, with qualifications. Americans seem to have an almost insatiable curiosity about nude bathing in the Soviet Union. Here's what I saw of it.

I lived one summer with some other Americans on the banks of the Kliazma River, in which we—with other foreigners, the members of a Russian summer colony, scores of Red Army convalescents from a nearby hospital, and about 100 neighboring cows—all took a daily dip.

Except for the children under 10 or 12 and a group of young men who swam in the raw a hundred yards or so from the rest, there was no nude bathing. But there were very few bathing suits—unless what I look to be bloomers, rayon under-shirts, and bras are a new style in bathing costumes.

One day when I had gone walking along the river unprepared for a swim, a group of young people asked me to join them. I merely peeled my cotton dress over my head and dived in, in panties and bra. There was no comment other than that my panties were much briefer than theirs. I was covered up as I would have been in almost any suit in America, but I couldn't have appeared that way back home.

The only really nude swimming I saw was after the war, at Batumi, a Black Sea port. The beach was divided into three sections—ladies and gents, and gents. Elma Ferguson, one of the editors of "British Ally," a Russian-language weekly published in Moscow, joined me on the Ladies Only beach the first day.

We changed into our suits in little cabanas and afterward paraded out among the sprawling multitude of bronzed, naked Russian women. Our suits were more than cute—they were downright fetching.

But after an hour of being stared at, we slunk back into the cabanas, stripped, and sauntered out again, feeling foolish, but far less conspicuous.

A limp strand of barbed wire separated us from the mixed beach. There, families sat around in odd bits of costume, eating pickles and beans and going for an occasional dip in the cold Black Sea. Beyond them, another 50 or 75 yards, was the beginning of the men's beach, where nude bachelors by the dozen were sunning themselves in absolute self-consciousness.

Twice during our ten days there, newly arrived Red Army groups bunched—I'm sure by accident—on to our beach, clumping along in heavy boots. A shower of stones and a chorus of indignant feminine imprecations—"Louts! Lecherous ones!"—sent them running, with tunics flying, all holding their caps over the near side of their faces.

There are no wolves (two-legged) in Moscow

Continued from page 35

It was difficult to meet Russian men at the beaches, it was quite the opposite in a Moscow night-club.

I was invited to a restaurant for dinner and dancing by a group of young men—American sergeants in the military mission, boys who worked in the Embassy, a couple of engineers from the walls of Siberia, and a French sergeant.

We went about 10 o'clock. Earlier the place would have been empty. Just off Gorki Street we entered the Astoria, pushing by two Red Army men standing in the entryway with mounted bayonets. I got used to seeing these M.P.s in all restaurant lobbies, and learned they were there to squelchights that inevitably broke out among the hearty guests, most of them soldiers on leave.

The boys checked their caps with two bearded old men behind a coat-counter, and we went up six steps into a brilliantly lit hall. I caught my breath, both at the gaiety and the decor.

The room was large and long, its ceiling held up by great columns ornamented with voluptuous stone beauties.

Along the right side of the room stretched a row of little cubicles made private by dark red draperies—and at the rear a mixed male and female orchestra was playing very bad jazz.

None of us could speak more than



THE KREMLIN, most famous building in Moscow, once the residence of the Czars, now the seat of Soviet government.

a few words of Russian, but we were served with enormous quantities of food and drink, simply by leaving the matter up to the waiters, who brought what the same number of Russians could put away.

We were supplied with two plates, one on top of the other, an array of silver, and a myriad of glasses: vodka glasses, tall champagne glasses, wine glasses for red and white wine, and liqueur glasses.

We started with *zakuski* (several huge plates of lettuce, lamb, chicken and potato salad, onions and cucumbers, all arranged in towering pyramids), plus a big bowl of caviare, a little dish of chopped onions, and great piles of white bread with little squares of butter.

Such behaviour

WITH the *zakuski* came carafes half-filled with vodka. This—unlike the Russians, who tend to dash it back against their tonsils—we sipped while we nibbled at the salad.

Such behaviour! Every Russian girl in the room was on us. I could see that surrounding parties had stopped eating to watch us. Some walked casually by our table. Others, bolder, simply walked over and stood near us, getting a good eyeful of the *inostranki* (foreigners).

After the *zakuski*, the waiters brought steaming cabbage soup, then big, thick, juicy steaks—each with a fried egg on top. On the side, fried potatoes, fried carrots, and dry, red Russian wine.

During all this time, between courses, and even between bites, I had been dancing with the Americans. Whenever we danced, the Russians withdrew to the sidelines to watch and applaud after each number.

Word spread that it was without question a *nastoyashaya Amer-*

kanka—a real American girl—who was dancing.

That brought more onlookers and finally, probably as the result of a bet, a Red Army Lieutenant came smiling to our table and inquired of my escorts if they had any objections to his asking the *Amerikanka* for a dance.

The boys all agreed that he might ask me, and I was enchanted. So we danced. He got a firm grip round my middle, stretched our arms straight out, and spurred toward the far end of the dance floor, his shiny black leather boots sometimes coming down hard—and there's nothing harder—on my feet. But he loved it, so did I.

When the music ended, my beau gallantly took my right hand in both of his and tenderly kissed it, looking me straight in the eye. Then he guided me back to my table, kissed my hand again, thanked the whole table for the pleasure, and disappeared.

That started it. My friends quickly made a rule that I might dance only every other dance with the Red Army stag line which swarmed about our table. Each Russian coylyed as ebulliently as the first, and each kissed my hand at the end of the performance.

Red Army officers far outnumbered civilians that night at the Astoria—a and generally in Moscow night-clubs, as I was to learn.

Many had their wives with them, bulging, drably dressed women, who were as energetic in the dance as their husbands. Some had their girl-friends, and some had tramps—who looked just about like tramps anywhere, except that these had more than their share of shiny gold teeth and stiff-braced bosoms.

Being the only American girl free to go where I wished, I had numerous opportunities to learn about Moscow's night life. There were scarcely more than three restaurants open when I arrived.

The *Moskva* was the hot spot during the war and afterward. It was the largest restaurant—with the largest dance floor and the biggest, noisiest crowds. It was rowdy and expensive and promised a scandal (tight or furious argument) at any moment.

I seldom went to a night-club where Russian fighting men did not dance with me. Always, and punctiliously, they asked my escort's permission first, and generally they left me afterward.

But on a few occasions, vodka-emboldened warriors heavy with medals braved the foreigner taboo and remained at our table to talk, and sometimes hopefully offered to take me home.

One cold, blustery night, an American who lived next to me in the Hotel National knocked on the wall. He had some extra roubles, no desire to sleep, and a craving for a midnight steak. Would I go to the *Moskva* with him?

We took a table in the rear, far from the crowded dance floor, and attacked our beef. But in the middle of it a stocky, black-haired Red Air Force pilot came over to our table and asked for a light. Then he sat down and helped us finish our wine.

By the time the NKVD (secret service) spotters caught up with him—

—all waiters were required to "shoo

Russians away from foreigners—we

had decided to hell with it! We were

a threesome, and so we would remain.

In 1940 the NKVD was succeeded

by the MVD, the Ministry of Home Affairs.)

For some reason, perhaps because the little pilot had about 20 medals jingling on his chest, we got away with it. He ordered a steak and vodka, scorning our wine, and talked about his friends in the French Nor-

mandle Squadron fighting in the north, and his dream of flying an American four-motored plane.

At 2 a.m., after we had eaten and danced till we were tired—the Russian pilot insisting that only he and the American *tovarisch* should dance with me—we left the restaurant.

Our friend then told us his barracks were 13 miles away, and his only chance of getting there now was to hitch-hike. Couldn't he please come home with us?

So we let him, in spite of the danger to himself.

We walked past the policeman at the door as if we didn't know each other, and the pilot followed us upstairs, all of us tiptoeing past the little old man on night duty, whose inquisitive, terrier-like face was buried in his arms. He was asleep.

Fingers on lips, constantly shush-

ing our talkative guest, we made it unchallenged up the four flights to our floor, where we hid him round a corner while we awoke the old woman who served as floor clerk to get our keys.

I went into my escort's room, where I helped him fix covers and a pillow for the hard little couch the pilot was to sleep on. As I left the pilot was already out of his boots and stripping off his blouse. We never learned just how he managed to get out of the hotel undetected next morning, but he made it. Two weeks later I met him again at the *Moskva*. He was still on furlough and having a fine time.

He danced once with me, but didn't ask again if he could see me bur-

(Part II of this article will be published next week.)

Just like getting
an extra pair
of stockings!



Tests prove that
LUX makes stockings
last **TWICE** as long

"Double the wear from every pair"—that's your theme song when you Lux stockings every night. You see, gentle Lux soaps whisk out harmful perspiration before it can weaken fragile threads. But you *must* use Lux. Tests prove that stockings washed with Lux last *twice* as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.



U2424

Some families will be sad to leave Redfern



OLD COTTAGES in Moorehead Street, Redfern, soon to be pulled down to make way for modern, easy-to-run home units. Those who vacate similar condemned houses are happy or unhappy, according to age and strength or district associations.



MANY TIMES DAILY Mrs. R. Bantine must carry her baby down these dark stairs to kitchen.

Hopes and fears of households affected by slum-clearance plan

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Out at Redfern they are talking now about the slum clearance plan. For years it has been a project, a distant dream of an unlikely future.

And now the plan is actually to be carried out. In Redfern 37 dwellings are marked down for immediate resumption, and the dream of the future has suddenly become a practical problem for the families who occupy those 37 doomed buildings.

EVERY big city has worried about slum clearance for years. Dozens of experts have expounded their plans—most of them based on a programme of demolition, temporary housing for tenants, and a move back to ideal housing areas. The Redfern plan follows this blueprint.

It is only after talking to those whose lives will be disrupted that you realise that the one thing left out of even the most complete blueprint is the incalculable human element.

For the shabbiest neighborhood is home to those who live in it. In any mass move there must be the tearing-up of roots, the breaking of warm and friendly associations.

That is why the slum clearance plan is talked about with mixed feelings in Redfern.

Occupiers of the 37 dwellings will move soon to temporary accommodation at Lilyfield.

The area to be immediately vacated, in the heart of the densely populated district that will be made into a model neighborhood unit, is bounded by Moorehead, Cooper, Young, and Redfern Streets.

Temporary accommodation in converted Army buildings at Lilyfield has been made into self-contained family units, with a kitchen-living-room and from one to four bedrooms. Groups of three units share a laundry with fuel copper and new concrete tubs.

Cooking will be done with fuel.

there are chip heaters in the bath-rooms, and each living-room-kitchen has two power points. The area is sewered and has electric light.

The move is a triangular one. Those going first to Lilyfield will move in turn to the yet-to-be-built decanting area at Erskineville, and from there, possibly, back to the new residential area of Redfern.

A spokesman for the Housing Commission said that it hoped to be putting people back to the modern houses at Redfern within two years.

Moorehead Street, like most of the streets in Redfern, is wide and clean. But its houses are old.

It isn't a cheerful street. There is too much rust on roofs and iron railings, peeling chocolate-brown paintwork, and worn stone steps for it to be hopeful and cheerful.

Dark stairway

IN one of its oldest and shabbiest houses I talked to young Mrs. R. Bantine, who held seven-weeks-old Marin in her arms.

There isn't any garden or yard at all where Mrs. Bantine lives, the old weatherboard house is right on the road, the land falls away steeply at the back.

Bedrooms and living-room are at road level. To reach the kitchen it is necessary to go down almost perpendicular, unlit stairs.

"Before Marin was born I thought those stairs would kill me," Mrs. Bantine said. "They keep you always tired."

"It would be almost like a dream come true if they gave us nice stoves without any grease or dirt, coppers that boil up when you light them, and sunny, safe verandahs where you can put a baby."

Mrs. V. Allen, who lives in a weatherboard cottage farther along, had the same tale to tell me.

"I have to have the light on all day in the kitchen. It isn't lined and it's always damp."

"I've lived here seven years and don't mind moving if it's to something better. Two rooms will do me, provided they're clean and cheerful."

"I'm one of the people who don't mind the move out to Lilyfield," she said.

A near neighbor, Mrs. A. Dolores, has been in her present house for going on 18 years. Built in 1886, it is to-day far too small, too dark, and too musty for all those who shelter beneath its roof.

"We move, yes?" said Mrs. Dolores in her broken English. "I hope it is better, with more rooms, easier to keep clean."

Mrs. E. Matthews was talking to her about the move when I called.



MRS. L. MURPHY AND EDNA sit in the sun out at the back of the Cooper Street cottage where the Murphy family have fought the rats and damp for the past five years.

Mrs. Matthews lives farther along the street and will have to move, too.

"We live in a cottage," she said. "They say eventually they'll put us into flats. That isn't fair. It means stairs, which I don't like. As well, I wouldn't take kiddies into flats."

"Lilyfield is only temporary, but people who like cottages should be given cottages and not flats."

There are plenty of young Australians bred in Redfern. It's trying to give them a chance to grow up healthy and strong that makes some householders welcome the clearance plan.

Young Mrs. B. King and two-year-old Vivienne were out in the sun on the pavement outside Mrs. King's mother's place.

"Everything here's so old and shabby that we won't know ourselves if we can move into something new," young Mrs. King said.

"Our place is all steps. You go down steps to get in, down steps to the kitchen, and down two more flights of them if you have to go into the yard."

"Sometimes I think I could put up with anything if the places they say they'll build for us only have hot and cold running water and a gas copper."

Dislike flats

OUTSIDE a weatherboard cottage with rusting iron roof in Cooper Street, Edna Jones was nursing the new three-weeks-old Stanners baby.

Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Stanners were out in the street, too. Family women, they disagreed about the wisdom of the clearance plan.

"Don't think there aren't worse places than this," Mrs. Jones told me. "And you don't have to go far to find them. There are a lot of us in our home, but we've at least got electricity and gas."

"Maybe the houses ought to come down," Mrs. Stanners said, "but for people like us with children give me a cottage with a yard any time. Flats aren't the place for us."

"Though the plans sound all right, you've got to think of the present," Mrs. Jones pointed out.

"I've got a husband and boys at work handy to here. The fares are going to make a difference. You can get about easily from here; Lilyfield isn't so handy."

"Still, I can't help feeling there

must be a better deal for us in the Government's plan to build new modern homes for those of us in this area," she concluded.

There are plenty of young wives at Redfern who haven't had their spirits broken and want nice homes for themselves and children.

The women with families always come back to this. They want sunny playing-space, verandahs whose boards aren't rotten, enamel refrigerators that can be kept spotless with warm water and a cloth. They feel deeply that these are the things needed in the background of their children's lives.

At 60 Young Street, Mrs. L. Murphy was sitting out at the back darning a jumper while Edna, her youngest, played at her feet.

"There are seven in our family, and we've been here for five years paying 22s a week rent, fighting the rats and the damp," Mrs. Murphy told me.

"No matter what we do the rats get in. The roofing's terrible. We don't know what we're going to, but if it's new it must be better than this."

But next door, where a daughter and two elderly sisters live with old Mrs. E. Watkins, the feeling is different.

It's the old people who feel the wrench of leaving the neighborhood they have always known.

"We're cosy here," Mrs. Watkins told me. "We've got everything we want, we know our neighbors and the people in the shops."

"We've been here for twenty years; we thought we would be here forever. We even own the place."

"At our age it's a hard thing to have to move. My sister, Mrs. Pearce, was born in this district 82 years ago. It's a terrible thing to us."

The truth is, it's frightening to have to pull up your roots when you're elderly.

But to the children, who, coming home from school, talk in high, excited voices about the move, there's a sense of adventure in preparing to go out to the open spaces of Lilyfield.

And many women whose backs ache from climbing steep half-century-old stairs and scrubbing passages grimy with the years find reason to hope for better things in the changes they face now.



MASS-MOVE IS SAD for the elderly. Over tea Mrs. E. Watkins (centre), her sister, Mrs. M. Pearce, and daughter, Mrs. C. Watkins, listen to Mr. Pearce telling them how the plan will affect their lives.

THE BLUNTS: Ordeal by visitors

WEEKLY FEATURE

WHOO-HOO! Visitors I see." I jumped like a startled grasshopper as Penny tipped sedately into the kitchen, his fingers quirked in an elegant fashion, which he says is what ladies do.

"What do you mean, visitors?" I snapped.

"Well, black olives," he said as he ran his nose along the edge of the terrazzo bench.

"Really, Penny, you seem to think we have a special diet for visitors."

A squelching sound announced the arrival of Taffy to the company. He was bowling a muddy motor

"Take that object out of my kitchen!" I howled without turning round.

"It's not all your kitchen, I might tell you, Mrs. Jill, it's half ours!" Penny wagged an admiring finger at me.

"Oh, scram, you little horribilis. Go away, and wash that disgusting face of yours, then I might be able to bear the sight of you."

"Jinks, I only wanted to help, now I won't." Good-egg, I thought, he's taken umbrage.

"To help, Jill." Taffy shrieked his enthusiasm, then "Geef visitors, vink! Well, there's turkey."

"Taffy, Taffy, Taffy, that is not turkey, it's nothing like turkey."

"Well pig!"

"No, I bet I can guess. Three guesses?"

"Okay, you guess while I cook, and leave me alone."

Suddenly Penny let out a pukish peal of laughter. "I bet I know! I bet I know! Orniferinchus!" Taffy joined in the fun with a fanfare of vulgar trumpeting.

"You're a pair of doits, anyway, my platypus."

OUR COVER

Recent portrait of Princess Elizabeth

On our cover this week is the most recent portrait of Princess Elizabeth. It was painted by Margaret Lindsay Williams, a Welsh artist, by Royal permission and from personal sittings given by the Princess.

MARGARET WILLIAMS describes the symbolic background of her picture as "The things I wish for the Princess."

The symbolism represents peace, love, and plenty.

"I included the wreath of flowers because when she is Queen I want her crown to be as light as a flower garland," said the artist.

Miss Williams is well known for her portraits of members of the Royal family, including King George V and Queen Mary, and the present King and Queen.

One of her best-known pictures is the painting of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose when they were children.

In this picture they are wearing frilled organdie frocks and holding bunches of primroses.

The painting has been reproduced all over the world in the Press and on chocolate boxes.

The original is in the Capetown Art Gallery.

When painting members of the Royal Family Miss Williams likes to limit sittings to a maximum of six. After that number she usually uses a stand-in.

When she was painting Queen

Written and illustrated by
JILL BLUNT

"Then it is?"

"Is what?"

"That lumper meat. It's really platypus?" Taffy breathed, round-eyed.

"Yes, of course it is, we always have it for visitors."

"Jinks, and I thought it was veal." I opened my mouth like Luna Park, to emit a terrifying bellow of rage, but thought better of it. It was veal. "Here! You chop the par-

ley."

"No, me."

"No! She said me."

"Before either of you lay a finger on any food, go and wash your revolting paws, and then, Penny, you can sieve the crumbs."

"Aw, why not me?"

With awful precision I stabbed a gherkin through the heart.

"If you don't get out of this kitchen before I count ten I'll clock the pair of you . . . ONE . . . TWO . . ."

Magic! The kitchen was empty!

Penny reappeared all scrubbed up for the operation.

"Is he here?" he whispered, sliding his eyes about suspiciously.

"Who?" I said.

"The Visitor. Do we know him?

Has he brought some fireworks?"

"He has not arrived, nor do you know him, nor will you even have the opportunity to, and—he will not bring fireworks. Here! The bread! Work in silence."

"Did you know him a long time ago?"

"Penny, you've built all this story up, because you saw a black olive, see if you can finish it to your own satisfaction in that dear little wooden skull of yours, and LEAVE ME BE."

Just then the front gate whinged (our front gate is disconcertingly near the kitchen, the house being completely back-to-front). "Here he is!" breathed Penny; but he wasn't—it was Julia.

Julia always pops into places like a rather attractive Jack-in-the-box.



"For a while there was a noisy tull, one got used to the violent sounds . . ."

"Good evening, dear, here are the beans; and forgive me, dear, but I only bought half a pound of mushrooms. Really the price! Exorbitant! Aha! And the little man hard at work I see."

"Hello, darling sweet, we're having visitors; but he's not here yet; are you staying for dinner?"

"Yes, dear, I am. I suppose you're so crazy to meet his four heads and eight feet, and he loathes and detests children."

"Jeepers, Jill, you're pulling our leg," scoffed Taffy, "or else he's Siamese twins."

"Or a man centipede?" Here Penny snickered. "Hehehehe! How's he get his clover on?"

And so he was. Pulling warty faces and cranking up for a hold-up—"Stick 'em up!" he yelled, while Julia squealed. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" with her hand to her throat.

"Parsley!" I commanded, and the kitchen was filled with a cacophony of sound: Julia beating eggs and prattling in runcorn phrases; Taffy slathering the parsley with murderous abandon; Jobinks and Tobe Mory mewling; and Penny's coloratura strumming with a French diry above an obligato of pot 'abubbling'.

It reminded me of the Duchess' kitchen, and, like Alice, I wanted to scream. I turned to making straw potatoes as a sort of occupational therapy.

For a while there was a noisy hull; one got used to the violent sounds, as one gets used to a steel foundry functioning nearby. Suddenly Penny stuck on a high C and an olive

stone, and all hands rushed to pound him on the back.

"Jill," he spluttered. "This Visitor, does he care for children? Because I was just thinking, he-um-might like to-um-see us . . . Well, some people like children; you do, don't you, Julia?"

"Listen, Penny, this Visitor you're so crazy to meet has four heads and eight feet, and he loathes and detests children."

"Jeepers, Jill, you're pulling our leg," scoffed Taffy, "or else he's Siamese twins."

"Or a man centipede?" Here Penny snickered. "Hehehehe! How's he get his clover on?"

For a while the boys conjectured hysterically about our curious guest's curiosities, until they laughed themselves into tears.

"What's his name? Offencromploss? How do you do, Mister Offencromploss? Will you have four bowls of bee-oo-tiful soup? . . . Would have four bowls at once?"

With this outburst of devastating wit, Taffy decided the joke had been squeezed dry, and fell silent, although Penny was rolling on his back on the floor, suffocated by giggles.

"Jill, but, reely, I'm jest curious about this fellow—it isn't Uncle Edward, is it?" he asked hopefully, because Uncle Edward comes bearing gifts. "No, Taffy; his name is Henry-Judy-Ralph-Wilfred."

"Aw, gee, you jest been trickin' us. We know all of them, except Wilfred." Here a giggle bubbled: "Wot a mad name, ho, ho, ho."

"No madder than Taffy, I think."

"Ha! But my name's not Taffy, reely."

"Enough of this—you can set the table. No, not the cloth with the tough hombres on it . . . mats, child mats . . . yes, and candles."

"Whee-see la-di-da. Will you have another piece of platypus carasole, Mistah Weelfrid?" Then Penny did me being a stylish hostess, while Taffy sat in the potato basket and howled with glee.

"This," I said to Julia, "is why these smart guys must be got to bed at all costs before the invasion. Will you feed them till they're bursting with everything they want? Never mind diet to-night."

The dear little men wanted to set the table. For this they donned aprons, and mimed back and forth, saying:

"Oui, Mooshoo, you weel sith ere, Meester Weelfrid? Is he a Frenchman, Jill?"

The table was beautifully laid. It was Julia who discovered the naked loaf of stale bread and the bottle of ink skulking behind the fruit department.

When I reproached Penny for this breach of table etiquette he said, "Oh me, Oh my! That's my scintillating eggyditude again."

We still don't know what he meant.

We fed the little dears full well, and herded them giggling to bed just as the wheezing gate warned us of approaching Visitors.

I know that during the evening I called Wilfred Monsieur, and blushed—then, to my horror, giggled.



Margaret Lindsay Williams.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Ambitious film project by Australians

By M. A. BECKINGSALE

Determination and initiative of two Sydney men have at last resulted in the fulfilment of their ambition of many years — a well-equipped film studio, with 100 per cent. Australian-made equipment.

George Hughes and Stan Tolhurst both are well known in the film industry here. They have taken part in the production, direction, and acting of many local films, and now they have registered their company under the name of Ace Films Pty. Ltd. with equipment valued at more than £10,000.

Third partner in the venture is Gordon P. Adams.

A DREAM began to become a reality about three years ago, when George and Stan were released from the Services. They had been partners for twelve years and just before the war had made two documentary films under the title of "This Place Australia."

Both were photographed by the late Damien Parer and were written round the poems of Banjo Patterson and Henry Lawson, which were spoken by Charles Convens.

The films were shown in Australia, New Zealand, and England, but the war ended production.

In 1945 the two began again. In the basement of George's Annandale home they planned the building of sound cameras and recording apparatus.

"At that time cameras and recorders were unprocured, and the only way we could get them was the hard way—by building them ourselves.

The main difficulty was to obtain lenses. We bought a small hand camera just for its lens and adapted it to suit the requirements of a sound camera. The design and building took months, but eventually we had our camera valued at nearly £2000," said George.

To make it possible financially for the partners to continue, Stan took up acting again and went into the cast of Ralph Smart's successful film "Bush Christmas." He also acted as production manager for that film. Six months went by.

"I had recorder machine plans drawn for years and went ahead with them. By trial and error we finally managed to overcome the difficulties we experienced in our experiments and the sound recorder was complete," George went on.

Valuable machines

THIS machine has been valued at approximately £4000."

With cameras and recorders completed, the partnership then built a microphone boom, a camera dolly, a free-head tripod, and a camera blimp.

Next came the 24 1000-watt spotlights, six 2000-watt spotlights, and numerous other fittings.

A synchronising table, where the film is cut and edited, was the final equipment job. It has a movie head and four synchronising sprockets with take-ups.

All this took two-and-a-half years.

This valuable gear still lay in the basement of George's home while the search for a studio became concentrated.

About September, 1946, George Hughes was passing the old hall of St. John's Church, in St. John's Road, Glebe. It had been used as a soldiers' hostel during the war, and on that day ration cards were being issued there.

The indefatigable George saw over the building, then interviewed the Rev. Dryland, minister of the church.

"Mr. Dryland was most helpful and explained our proposition to the church wardens, who, in turn, recommended to the Archibishop of Sydney (Dr. Mowll) that we be given a lease of the building as a film studio," said George.

"With Gordon Adams as our third partner, we registered the name of

our company as Ace Films, which is short for Australian Cinema Entertainment Co.

The job of turning that old hall into a modern studio seemed impossible. It had been built to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria and is called Record Reign Hall (a plaque on the outside of the building still remains there).

"We got together a small staff—Charles Jones as sound recorder, Dinni Fay as art director, and Val Barden as make-up girl—and the lot of us went to work with paint and scrubbing-brushes to make our studio habitable.

"We painted the whole building cream and sound-proofed the main studio to make it acoustically correct for sound production. Then we fixed the recording-room.

"Next to the main studio we arranged the dressing-rooms with showers, the art department, the

projection-room, the general work-room, and a canteen.

"Upstairs we fitted the business offices, with a special one for any independent producer who wishes to hire the studio, and set the cutting and editing machine in its own room."

Blue inlaid linoleum covers all the floors, gay curtains have been hung in the offices, and finally Ace Films began work.

In its early stages the company proposes to make advertising and documentary films, but facilities are available for the production of feature films also.

Several shorts already are in production.

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Film Reviews

★★★ DEAR RUTH

SPLENDIDLY cast by Paramount, there's loads of good honest amusement in this comedy, in spite of its wartime setting.

Joan Caulfield and William Holden are the stars, but top honors go without doubt to Edward Arnold for a rich and gorgeous portrayal of a family man, to Billy De Wolfe as a disappointed suitor, and to Mona Freeman as a teen-age brat who needs a thorough spanking.

Taken from the stage play, the plot is only mildly dated. Mona Freeman is youngster Miriam, whose adolescent ideas about the raising of world morale lead her to writing to an unknown soldier and signing the name of her elder sister (Joan Caulfield).

Trouble sets in when the gallant G.I. handled well by William Holden, returns from the war with some ideas of his own.

Edward Arnold is the father of the two girls and he rarely has done a better job.

A clever script never lets the comedy get out of hand and it is a pleasant break among the recent murk of mediocre comedy releases.—Prince Edward: showing.

★★ THE GUILT OF JANET AMES

MELVYN DOUGLAS and Rosalind Russell are the top names in Columbia's psychological drama which just fails to be listed as outstanding, due to the muddled handling of some of the fantasy in the situations.

Miss Russell has a role which calls for all her ability, but she has been seen to better advantage. The widow of a soldier whose death in action was caused by his throwing himself on an exploding grenade to save five other men becomes a psychological case following a street accident. A newspaper man who ordered the soldier to cover the grenade has a guilt complex and is attempting to drown it in drink.

He is brought to the hospital to see Janet Ames, and together they work out the reasons for their par-



ACE FILMS, a new Sydney company, begins production of a short film at their studio at Glebe. Director George Hughes (kneeling) and his staff rehearse a scene from an advertising film, for which they will use equipment built entirely in Australia.

British actors prefer their own country

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in England

REX HARRISON and David Niven, who have recently arrived in England from America, do not intend to renew their Hollywood contracts when they expire.

Rex hopes to make "The Scarlet Pimpernel" for Sir Alexander Korda soon, and until his Hollywood contract runs out in three years he will spend six months of each year in England and six in America, before finally settling in England with his wife, Lilli Palmer, and their son Cory.

David Niven, who has still two and a half years to go with his Hollywood contract, says that the star salaries of Hollywood may sound a lot, but they are worth only about a third of similar sums in Britain.

Apart from that David says there isn't much difference between being a film star in America and in England. You can't keep any money in either country.

ANNE CRAWFORD was the star and the Cinderella of this week. She arrived looking her glamorous best for the premiere of her latest starring film, "The Master of Bankdam," and was applauded by a glittering first-night audience for the best performance of her career.

There was no culminating party and no champagne toasts for Anne, as well before midnight a car took her to the studio, where inside half an hour she was in grimy rags and her face all smudged for a special

fire scene for her next film "Daughter of Darkness."

AS Dallow, tough assistant to a razor-gang leader in "Brighton Rock," screen gangster William Hartnell has to wield a cut-throat razor in grand Sweeny Todd manner.

He detests razors, and fears them. In a faint whisper he will tell you of his aunt, who presented him with the smartest in ivory cut-throats for his birthday, and how it took him exactly ten seconds to hand it on to the milkman at the door.

ANNA NEAGLE leads the school of feminine thought which is against the introduction of longer skirts in Britain. Says patriotic Anna, "The prewar seasonal change of fashion was needed to keep the dressmaking industry alive. British fashions are capable of expressing freshness and change by means of clever cut and design."



HEDY LAMARR considers some of the hats created for her by milliner Walter Florell (right) for her role in the United Artists release "Divorced Lady." Her former husband, John Loder, whom she divorced a few weeks ago, is offering advice. He has a role in the film.

Young film stars . . .



JANE POWELL, 17-year-old MGM singing star, will make her next appearance in Australia in "The Birds and the Bees," with Jeanette MacDonald and pianist Jose Iturbi.



ANN BLYTH, who is under contract to Universal International, will be seen in "Time Out of Mind," which stars English actress Phyllis Calvert and Robert Hutton.



DONNA REED came from a farm in Iowa. She was chosen to co-star with James Stewart in the current Capra production "It's a Wonderful Life," a modern comedy-drama.



JUNE ALLYSON has been an MGM star for some years, and has been selected to play the leading role in a film version of "The Belle of New York," the old-time favorite.

Be Lovelier Tonight!



ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS
WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP
REALLY MAKE SKIN
LOVELIER!

says
Phyllis Calvert
Universal-
International star in
"TIME OUT OF MIND"

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Complexion Care
of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

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LIFE IS FULL OF KICKS

and ha'pence,
Even when misfortune hits him,
As it must awhile;
Balanced up, a man is happy
When his health's secure.
Next time you've a cold, old chappie,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails.

PAIN
you can't
"explain"

Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.
★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



1 IN DESERT TOWN, gambler Eddie Bendix (John Hodiak) and Paula Haller (Lizabeth Scott) meet at casino owned by Paula's mother, powerful, wealthy Fritzzi (Mary Astor).



3 DUAL OPPOSITION to Paula's infatuation with Eddie comes from Fritzzi and Eddie's partner, Johnny Ryan (Wendell Cory), who tells Fritzzi their past history.



2 HOPING FOR MARRIAGE between Paula and deputy-sheriff Tom Hanson (Burt Lancaster), who loves her, Fritzzi encourages them to meet.



4 PROTECTING HER DAUGHTER, Fritzzi tells Paula she must not leave house while Eddie is in town.

DESERT FURY . . . TECHNICOLOR THRILLER

FILMED in technicolor, with beautiful western backgrounds, this adaptation of a novel by Ramona Stewart has been produced by Hal B. Wallis.

Burt Lancaster, who made a spectacular film debut in Universal's "The Killers," has a sympathetic role in this Paramount film, in which he plays opposite Lizabeth Scott.

Wendell Cory of the New York stage was selected to make his first screen appearance in "Desert Fury," as the partner of a gambler John Hodiak.

As a result of his fine performance he has been cast for starring roles in several forthcoming productions.

Dress-designer Edith Head provided unusually lavish wardrobes

for glamorous Lizabeth Scott and Mary Astor.



5 DISOBEYING ORDERS, Paula meets Eddie in deserted ranch house and he pretends he will give up racketeering and remain in town to marry her. She thinks that he has been forced to join in crimes planned by Johnny.



6 AGREEING TO ELOPE, Paula has no idea that Eddie is suspected of murdering his former wife, Angela.



7 ON JOURNEY TO CITY, Paula and Eddie are overtaken by Johnny, who tells her the true story of Eddie's gangster career. Paula tries to run away, and Eddie attempts to wreck her car.



8 RESCUED BY TOM, after Eddie and Johnny are killed, Paula realises escape she has had from being murdered in the same way as Angela.

Paris styles copied here at budget prices

● Here are four smart outdoor outfits from Paris.

● Mrs. Mary Hordern selected them in Paris because they are so suitable for Australian summer wear.

● Adelyn frock manufacturers have reproduced them and you can buy them at all leading stores in all States for prices ranging from £3/10/-.

or

● You can get a pattern from our Fashion Pattern Department, address on page 32. Ask for "Mary Hordern Paris Fashion Pattern," and quote the number given here and your size.



CHRISTIAN DIOR'S grey-and-white striped casual skirt with belt is worn by Maggy Sarragne with a green sweater. To order pattern, ask for F4846. Sizes 24in. to 30in. bust. Requires 7½ yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.



F4848.



F4847



F4849

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S blue-and-white check playfrock is worn by Maggy Sarragne. To order fashion pattern ask for F4848. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 3/6.



JEAN DESSES' four-piece beach ensemble is worn by Janine Lequievre. To order fashion pattern ask for F4847. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. wide white; 1yd. 36in. wide violet; and ¾yd. 36in. wide green. Pattern, 3/6.

PAQUIN'S playsuit and skirt are worn by Suzanne Combe. To order fashion pattern ask for F4849. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. wide for skirt and 3yds. 36in. wide for suit. Pattern, 3/6.





"SPRING O' THE YEAR" SKIN TROUBLE BANISHED BY ZAM-BUK

Spring is a time when your skin needs the soothing, clearing influence of Zam-Buk to banish rough patches, blotches, pimples and other blemishes.

The refined medicinal oils penetrate through the pores deep into the tissues. Zam-Buk clears out pore-clogging impurities and brings back the natural suppleness to the roughest skin.

Soothing, purifying and healing, Zam-Buk quickly clears up blemishes and restores the skin to normal healthiness.

Zam-Buk is also ideal for rough, red, hands, sore, aching feet and as a first aid dressing for cuts, grazes, burns, bruises, etc.

Zam-Buk

The Grand Herbal Ointment

Peaceful Nights For Baby and You



At teething time—or at any time if baby is a trifle feverish—give Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS. They soothe at once—cool the blood, gently regulate the motions. Never be without these wonderful powders—they ensure the health and happiness of your baby—and THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 20 Powders—1/6

Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS



Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

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5000 Succeeded, why not YOU?

CARNATIONS . . . fragrant and beautiful

• Few garden flowers do better throughout Australia than carnations. They simply revel in our mild climate.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

ALL the carnation asks for is an open, sunny position, well away from fences or trees that throw shade, and exceptionally good drainage.

Low-lying, cold or wet soil causes carnations to develop root-rot diseases.

Yet any soil with a little preparation will suit this lovely plant. If very sandy, add a little lime and cow manure, and, if possible, add some clay.

Sand alone is not suitable, as it rarely contains enough plant-food to nourish the plants. If preparing heavy soil, a good liming is necessary first of all to sweeten the ground. Then add some sand or grit, wood ashes or ash from the garden fire, well-rotted horse manure and leaves, dig over and mix well.

Do not make the soil too rich, as the plants do not respond to over-feeding. And a final word, make a thorough test to see that the water goes through the soil and disperses quickly. If it holds the water a long time, your drainage will still be faulty. The addition of more sand, leaf-mould, and other porous material will then be found helpful.

The plants can be set out at almost any time of the year, except during the very fiercest months of summer. Yet if more than ordinary care is displayed, they can be set out between February and May for the best quality spring blooms. It is best, however, to set the plants out after good rain in summer, and to shade them well for several days until they have become re-established.

Firm the soil round the plants well with the fingers, and leave the crown of the plant about an inch or a trifle more above the surface. Plants should be spaced 15in. to 24in. apart.

They dislike pampering, but they also soon show

Popular baby- carrier

MOTHERS who have bought The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier are enthusiastic about it.

Matron Shaw, of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, N.S.W., who has tested the carrier, considers it a comfortable support for the baby and a help to the mother.

"A baby up to five months old," says Matron Shaw, "should be kept in a recumbent, not sitting-up, position. It's dangerous to prop infants up to a sitting position before they are six months."

"The Australian Women's Weekly carrier gives the proper restful support to the infant's back, besides benefit and help to the mother when she most needs it."

This new carrier is strongly made of webbing and yet weighs only about 4oz. It is available with plastic seat in off-white or grey for 15/6.

You can get the baby-carrier from



"THE CARRIER was a wise buy. I'm not at all nervous now getting on and off trams and buses with baby," says Mrs. L. M. Cochrane, of Aubin St., Neutral Bay, N.S.W., photographed above with her six-weeks-old babe, Margaret Joan, in The Australian Women's Weekly baby-carrier.

the Pattern Department of The Australian Women's Weekly in your own State or you can order the carrier by post. Add 3/3d for postage. See address page 9.



EASY TO GROW, lovely to look at, highly perfumed and one of the simplest of all flowers to arrange—the carnation stands supreme.

distress if neglected. It is necessary to attend to the watering summer and winter, if the weather remains dry, but never keep the plants constantly saturated with water, or root rot will soon kill them.

If the plants have buds on them when bought from the nursery, pinch these out before transplanting. All tall "grass" on new plants should also be shortened a trifle before being set out.

For the production of good quality winter blooms, plants are usually set out from September to November. They should be well watered during hot periods, and will throw flowering stems from February to March. These have to be stopped, however, by pinching out until about the middle of April, when they can be allowed to mature.

HEALTH RULES FOR MOTHERS

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

MOST expectant mothers can anticipate good health in the period before their baby is born if they follow some simple rules.

Comfort can be increased and general health promoted if minor disturbances which can happen are relieved.

A leaflet describing these discomforts and suggesting simple treatment may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.—Expectant mothers can also avail themselves of the free service offered to those who can visit our pre-natal rooms at the above address. Hours for demonstrations and lectures are every day from Monday to Friday, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.



Your skin . . . hair . . . clothes may all reflect your care, but unless your breath also is above reproach your charm is spoilt. Don't gamble, make sure that your breath is pure and fragrant by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and before meeting others. Listerine makes your breath sweet and KEEPS it sweet.

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the Safe Antiseptic

Prices: 1/6, 3/-, 5/9

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FOR ECONOMY

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If your dog's coat is dull, loses or ragged—if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him BARKO Condition Powders. BARKO Condition Powders.

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FOR BETTER INTERNAL
CLEANNESS



Coloseptic safely checks Autoxima (self-poisoning) . . . produced by oneself. By removing food-waste from your system, Coloseptic helps you gain and retain good health. A level teaspoon in a glass of water morning and night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

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For Beauty!

"Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes"

Exotic colors in hair show styles



STUDY IN PLATINUM designed for a special occasion. Backed-down sides end in large sculptured curls. From the de Lorenzo salon.



GUINEA-GOLD is the color chosen by Julien Simonet for this summer hair-do that is short all round with one slanting wave.



Modern Women prefer Modess

Its softness; its safety; its economy are factors that make Modess the choice of Modern Women.

Modess
THE CERTAIN, SAFE
SANITARY NAPKIN



PRODUCT OF JOHNSON AND JOHNSON — WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SURGICAL DRESSINGS

NIGHT-BLACK

HAIR-DO with an old-world look is built on bias pompadour lines and cyclamen-pink was used by clever designers to fashion these hair-styles selected from recent Australia-wide professional contests.

It appears to be an open season, too, for gleam and glamor in hair ornaments. There are hand-painted motifs, color flashes, sequins, and scattered gold-dust for those who want something "different."

Experts favor the angled or off-to-one-side look, either on the head top, at the side, or back. There is also the crisp trimness that comes with short, tailored lines.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

HAIR in shades of guinea-gold, platinum-blond, night-black, and cyclamen-pink was used by clever designers to fashion these hair-styles selected from recent Australia-wide professional contests.

It appears to be an open season, too, for gleam and glamor in hair ornaments. There are hand-painted motifs, color flashes, sequins, and scattered gold-dust for those who want something "different."

Experts favor the angled or off-to-one-side look, either on the head top, at the side, or back. There is also the crisp trimness that comes with short, tailored lines.

CYCLAMEN COIFFURE with back interest. Two elongated rolls are a feature of this exotic hair-do from the Watkins salon.



Leave it to your Berlei Foundation to give you that smooth, well-proportioned line that brings you compliments from admiring eyes. Leave it to your Berlei, too, to give you that gentle support so essential to your health and vitality.

Your true-to-type Berlei gives you the litho comfort that nature intended, because it is scientifically designed to fit your shape as well as your size. Ask for a personal fitting at your favourite store—they know the true meaning of correct support.

Berlei

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BL136

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FOR

ACID STOMACH



Career Girl tells all...



This is the accepted way to recolour dull or grey hair. When used as directed is perfectly harmless—consult your hairdresser or buy from chemists.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE
ARE USING...

INECTO
RAPID
HAIR COLOURING

If you suffer after eating—heartburn, pain, discomfort, or any sign of acid stomach (hyperacidity)—the only kind of help you want is RELIEF. Prompt relief from pain and distress, such as De Witt's Antacid Powder provides, is indeed REAL help. And you get it so quickly because, amongst other fine ingredients, De Witt's Antacid Powder contains one of the fastest acid neutralisers available. That's why even a single dose often gives complete relief.

But real help means more than just neutralising acid and relieving pain. It means soothing and protecting the inflamed lining of the stomach, so that the next meal will not be an added burden to an overtaxed digestive system. Thus, food

is properly digested, the strain is relieved, and the pain is taken out of eating. Then Mother Nature, the greatest of all healers, has a chance to do her own good work. That's half the secret of De Witt's Antacid Powder's success.

So, if your meals are followed by pain, if you are distressed by heartburn or a sour uncomfortable feeling after eating, turn to De Witt's Antacid Powder and obtain REAL relief. Try this wonderfully effective remedy without delay and eat and enjoy your meals without having to "pay for it" afterwards. Get a tin to-day and see how much better you feel—after the first dose.

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises acid
Soothes the stomach
Relieves pain



For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis, and Dyspepsia. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, in large sky-blue canister, price 2/6. Giant economical size 4/6 (temporarily in short supply.)

● Jellied salads with appropriate dressings are as welcome as the spring itself after long weeks of cold-weather menus.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

EVERY ingredient of a salad should be cool, crisp, and fresh.

Color is important, but flavor must not be overlooked. Salads must satisfy the palate as well as the eye.

Whether you choose one large platter as pictured on this page, or prefer to arrange individual salad plates, blend colors carefully and give the same attention to flavor.

Jellied salads of vegetables or fruits or a combination of both need dressings of the mayonnaise type.

Lemon juice may be used in place of vinegar in any dressing. It brings out the flavor of all the other ingredients without dominating them.

As well it imparts a tang that has a stimulating effect on the appetite and aids digestion.

Salads made with lemon juice or vinegar take more gelatine to set them to a light, quivering jelly, and this is provided for in the recipes given.

Follow directions carefully, measure accurately, and resist the urge to add "an extra pinch for luck" when measuring the gelatine.

TOMATO JELLY RING (See colored photograph.)

Two cups tomato juice, 2 cups water (or meat or vegetable stock), 2 slices onion, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, red coloring, 2 rounded dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup finely diced celery, 2 or 3 diced shallots, 1 or 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups potato salad, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red capsicum, sliced cucumber, curled celery.

Simmer tomato juice, water, sliced onion, salt, and cloves for 10 minutes; strain. Add a little red coloring. Stir in gelatine dissolved in some of the hot liquid, add lemon juice. Set a thin layer of the cooled jelly in the rim of a wetted recess tin. Arrange a pattern of shallot and sliced hard-boiled eggs. Add a little more jelly and allow to set. When balance of jelly is beginning to thicken fold in diced celery. Fill into prepared mould, chill until set. Unmould on to serving dish, pile potato salad mixed with capsicum into recess. Garnish with sliced cucumber and celery curls. Serve alone or with sliced cold meat.

CHEESE ROLLS (Good with any salad.)

Three ounces flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 heaped dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons grated dry cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon water, squeeze of lemon juice.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne, rub in margarine or butter, add cheese. Mix to a firm, dry dough with beaten egg-yolk, water, and lemon juice. Turn out to lightly floured board, roll very thinly. Cut into large triangles—base about 3 in. Roll up from base to point, moisten point and press firmly on to roll. Mould to crescent shape. Brush with milk, place on greased oven tray, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tin.

RAW VEGETABLE SALAD (Chockful of those so-important minerals and vitamins.)

Four or five well-washed young spinach leaves, 2 or 3 well-washed cabbage leaves, 1 carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 small spring onion or 2 or 3 shallots, 1 stick celery, 2 radishes, mayonnaise, lettuce leaves, salt and cayenne to taste.

Shred spinach and cabbage leaves very finely or put through mincer. Mix with grated carrot and parsnip, add finely diced onion, celery, radishes. Bind or toss lightly with mayonnaise, season with salt and pepper. Chill before serving piled into lettuce cups.



ABOVE: Colorful tomato jelly ring, bordered with celery, shallot, and radish, and piled high with potato salad, makes a fine centrepiece for your table. (Below) For luncheon: Diced cold meat mixed with cubed cooked carrot, filled into lettuce-cups, and arranged on a platter with peeled pear-halves dusted with chopped parsley, garnished with berry tomatoes, tomato wedges, or radish roses.

SPICED JELLIED BEETROOT (Set in one large or five or six small individual moulds.)

One cup cubed cooked beetroot, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, ½ pint vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 cloves, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup diced green apple, 1 teaspoon grated onion or onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon vinegar.

Place stock, lemon juice, cloves, and sugar into saucepan, bring to boil. Cool and strain. Add gelatine dissolved in the hot water, beetroot, apple, onion, salt, and vinegar. A little red coloring may be added if liked. When beginning to thicken fill into wetted moulds (or one large mould), chill until firm. Unmould and serve with cold meat or any green salad.

JELLIED HERRINGS IN TOMATO SAUCE (Try this next time you have a tin of herrings.)

One tin of herrings in tomato sauce, 2 level dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup tomato juice, sauce from herrings, 1 cup water, pinch cayenne, salt to taste.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water; add vinegar, tomato juice, sauce from herrings, water, cayenne and salt to taste. When cool and beginning to thicken, fold in herrings broken into pieces. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, serve with rolled brown bread and butter and salad vegetables. May also be set in individual moulds, one for each person.

SPRING LAMB SALAD CUTLETS (Garnish with sliced spring onions and shredded lettuce.)

Trim cooked cold cutlets neatly, removing some of the fat. Brush with mint sauce or lemon juice. Dissolve 1 level teaspoon gelatine in ½ cup salad dressing or white

sauce seasoned with salt, pepper mustard, and lemon juice. When beginning to thicken spoon over each cutlet on a large flat dish. Allow to become cold and set. Trim edges, serve on lettuce leaves, and garnish with grated carrot, sliced spring onions, shredded lettuce, sliced or curled celery.

GLAZED LAMB SLICES (Serve with salad or with creamed potatoes and hot greens.)

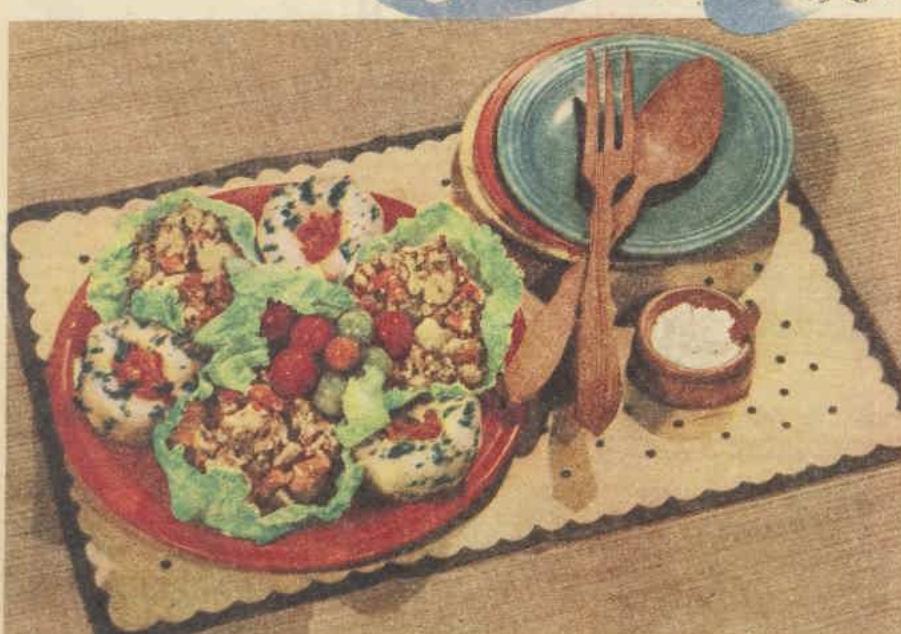
Cut cooked rolled shoulder of lamb into slices about ½ in. thick. Make a glaze: Mix 1 level teaspoon gelatine into 2 tablespoons heated mint sauce or currant jelly. When gelatine is dissolved add 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon vinegar, celery, salt and pepper to taste. When beginning to thicken brush thickly over each slice of lamb. Sprinkle with finely chopped chives or shallot. Allow to set before serving.

SAVORY STUFFED TOMATOES (Any one of your favorite savory fillings may be used in place of the one suggested here.)

Five or six firm, medium-sized tomatoes, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, 4 or 5 tablespoons finely minced luncheon sausage, 1 chopped gherkin, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 finely minced shallot, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Cut a slice from the top of each washed and dried tomato. Scrape pulp carefully with a teaspoon. Dust cases lightly with salt and pepper. Combine all other ingredients (except cheese), add 1 or 2 tablespoons tomato pulp. Fill into tomato cases, top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with hot greens or allow to become well chilled and serve with salad.

The Australian Women's Weekly — September 27, 1947





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FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

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LEFT-OVER MEAT, seasoned well, mixed with breadcrumbs and bound with beaten egg, fills cabbage rolls. Partially cook cabbage-leaves, place a little of the mixture in the centre of each and roll up. Bake on a greased slide in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes.

Four prize recipes...

• Eggs and mushrooms are the chief ingredients of a delicious casserole which wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

PEANUT BUTTER used in pastry as a substitute for margarine or butter makes an ideal nourishing crust for a sausage and vegetable pie, and makes a delicacy of humble sausage-meat.

EGGS SUPREME WITH MUSHROOMS

Half-pound mushrooms, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 thin slices peeled onion, 3 level tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 3 cup well-flavored stock, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon finely diced cooked celery, 3 or 4 eggs, grated cheese.

Wash, peel, and slice mushrooms and saute in hot margarine or butter for 4 or 5 minutes. Remove mushrooms from pan. Fry onion lightly. Add flour, salt and pepper, and cook for 1 or 2 minutes. Add stock and milk and stir till boiling and thickened. Add parsley and celery and mushrooms. Pour into greased shallow ovenware dish. Make 3 or 4 hollows in top and break an egg into each one. Sprinkle each egg with salt, pepper, and grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes till eggs are set. Serve piping hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Clayton, c/o 457B Little Collins St., Melbourne, Cl.

SAVORY SAUSAGE PIE

One pound sausage-meat, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, pinch dried herbs, 1 cup cooked haricot beans, 1 cup cooked diced vegetables, 2 bacon rashers, 1 cup brown vegetable sauce or stock.

Peanut Butter Crust: Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 level tablespoons peanut butter, small 1 cup milk.

Prepare Filling: Place sausage-

meat in saucepan with salt, pepper, and herbs, and cook gently over low heat till meat changes color. Line bottom of greased ovenware dish with sausage-meat. Cover with beans and diced vegetables and finely diced bacon. Pour over sauce or stock.

Prepare Pastry: Sift flour, salt, and baking powder. Rub in peanut butter and mix to dry dough with milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead lightly. Roll thinly. Cover meat and vegetables with crust. Glaze with milk. Bake in moderately hot oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

SAVORY CHEESE SPREAD

Three-quarters of a pound well-matured cheese, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch cayenne.

Grate cheese finely. Add sauces, salt and pepper, mixing to smooth paste. Place in glass jar for 24 hours. May be spread on dry biscuits or toast. Makes an ideal spread for savories.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. Errac, c/o Mrs. A. A. Stobie, 79 Red Bluff St., Black Rock, Vic.

VEGETABLE CHEESE RING

One dessertspoon shortening, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 11 cups milk, 3 level dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup tomato puree, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 cup cold cooked peas, 1 cup diced cooked celery, 1 cup cooked diced carrot.

Melt shortening. Add flour and salt and pepper. Cook 1 or 2 minutes. Add milk, stirring until it boils and thickens. Cool. Add tomato puree. Soften gelatine in cold water. Stand over boiling water till dissolved. Cool slightly, then add to white sauce. Set a thin layer of sauce in bottom of wetted mould. Allow to become firm. Cover with peas. Add the cheese and onion to sauce and pour over peas. Leave till set. Place a layer of carrots on top and cover with sauce. Chill. Top with diced celery and pour over remainder of sauce. Chill until firm. Unmould and serve with lettuce leaves.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Lily Harrison, 62 Pine St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

★ The Demonstrator
SAID 'Yes, that shade
would suit your
complexion'



Clear up those unattractive
skin faults with

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MEDICATED SOAP



REXONA SOAP CONTAINS
CADYL, an exclusive Rexona
composition comprising
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Cloves, Terebinth and
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ognised valuable skin
medicaments.

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Medicated Soap! Rexona with its special medicament of Cadyl gently removes all trace of embedded dirt and dust — tones up the pores and keeps them healthy. With regular Rexona care your skin stays fresh, naturally lovely.

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Montein
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KILLS 'EM STONE DEAD!



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STICK TO IT!

**DR. NEWELL'S . . . EYE
DROPS . . . FOR
CLEAR BRIGHT EYES**

You can't replace your eyes! So look after them. Keep them healthy, bright, alert and clear . . . with DR. NEWELL'S EYE DROPS — 1 times daily. Tired, aching eyes get quick relief, and these drops keep them free from eye infections—and inflammation.

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AND STORES.

2 DROPS
CLEAR, SOOTHE
IN SECONDS!



★ MAKE THIS TEST.
Put a few drops of DR. NEWELL'S in one eye ONLY, and in ten minutes note the difference between each eye!





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THEN LET MAXAM Bakes DO THE REST!**



**MAXAM Bakes MAKES PERFECT PASTRY
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It's so SIMPLE . . . you just add water, roll out the mixture and pop it in the oven. In less time than it takes to tell, out comes crisp, perfect pastry! You'll get prize-winning pies and tasty tartlets every time . . . glorious, golden pastry that your friends will envy and all will enjoy!

INSIST on BAKEO, the original pastry mixture. At all grocers.

Always include Maxam Bakes in your Food for Britain parcels.

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NO MILK REQUIRED!

**MAXAM Bakes IS THE ORIGINAL PASTRY MIXTURE . . .
BE SURE YOU GET THIS PACKET!**

